

# THE LIVING AGE.

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No. 778.—23 April, 1859.—Third Series, No. 56.

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## BERNARD BARTON.

THE name of Bernard Barton has been sufficiently well known in English literature for the last twenty years. Its bearer primarily attracted public attention, partly by his real and intrinsic merits as a poet, and partly as being a member of a sect supposed to be somewhat averse to poetical pursuits. Bernard Barton was a Quaker, and the son of a Quaker. The Society of Friends had indeed produced poets before his day, the best known being Scott of Amwell, Lloyd, and Amelia Opie; and many even of the earlier and primitive Quakers wrote verses, usually very bad ones, but still sufficing to show that the "profane art" of rhyming was not originally discountenanced altogether by the body. However, poesy in drab attire formed a rare enough spectacle in the young days of Bernard Barton, to give a strong zest of novelty to his first literary appearances, and to win for him the name *par excellence* of the Quaker Bard. Nor did the later entrance into the same field of the Howitts, and other able writers of his own persuasion, deprive him while he lived of that honorable distinction.

Bernard Barton, as we learn from an interesting memoir of him, issued under his daughter's eye, was born in London, January 31, 1784. His more remote progenitors had been yeomen of Cumberland, where the name is yet well known; but the poet's father, who first left the Church of England and joined the Society of Friends, moved southwards with his family, and entered, in and near the metropolis, into various pursuits in life. Finally, he was cut off prematurely, and left Bernard, with other children, to the care of a second wife, who behaved so well to the offspring of her predecessor, that they had actually advanced in years before they knew her to be only their step-mother. This amiable woman, who was of the Quaker persuasion, carried all the children of her deceased spouse to the home of her own father at Tottenham, and there they were brought up in childhood. Bernard received the stamina of his education at an Ipswich school; and, at the age of fourteen, he was apprenticed to Mr. Samuel Jesup, a shopkeeper at Halstead, in Essex. "There I stood," he writes, "for eight years behind the counter of the corner shop at the top of Halstead Hill, kept to this day (in 1828) by my old master, and still worthy uncle, S. Jesup." Mr. Jesup became the "uncle" of

Barton through the marriage of the latter with Lucy Jesup, niece of the shopkeeper, in 1807. With one of her brothers, the subject of our memoir entered at the same time into partnership, as coal and corn merchant, at Woodbridge; but the death of his consort, in giving birth to an only child (the well beloved daughter, who long tended and finally survived her sire), threw the still youthful Bernard again loose upon the world, and he engaged himself as private tutor in the family of Mr. Waterhouse of Liverpool. In doing so, he indulged so far his already strong preference for the pursuits of literature; but he was destined, after all, to win his staple living chiefly by the ledger, and not by books of another sort. After a residence of one year at Liverpool, he returned to Woodbridge, and there entered on a clerkship in Messrs. Alexander's bank—an office held by him for forty years, or, in other words, up to the period of his decease (February 19, 1849).

Brief as this account is, it comprises all that is interesting in the non-literary career of Bernard Barton. He derived from his post in the bank a sufficiency of income to maintain himself and his daughter comfortably; and he turned to letters mainly as a relaxation, prompted thereto by the stirrings of his natural genius and acquired tastes. True it is (as will be noticed afterwards) that he did yearn at one time to devote himself wholly to literature, but he was diverted from the attempt by the counsels of friends. It was in 1812 that Bernard Barton published his first volume of poems, entitled "Metrical Effusions." The transmission of a copy to Keswick led to a correspondence with Southey, which was continued at intervals for a number of years. Notwithstanding his apparently sincere enthusiasm in favor of the Church of England, Southey evinced ever through life a warm sympathy with renowned sectarians, such as Wesley and Fox (not to include Bunyan), whose several histories he personally wrote in a spirit of earnest admiration; and Barton stood therefore in a favorable position to attract his kindly regards. At the same time the interest shown by others was more ardent on the whole. A complimentary copy of verses to the author of the "Queen's Wake," then just published, brought long and vehement letters (says the memoir before us) from the Ettrick Shepherd, full of thanks to Barton and praises of himself.

In 1818, he published a second volume, called "Poems by an Amateur," which succeeded well, having been favorably noticed by Jeffrey in the *Edinburgh Review*. To be so honored in those days was positive celebrity; and before the men of our own times wonder thereat, they should remember how long the *Edinburgh Review* stood almost alone as a sterling organ of criticism; and that the *Quarterly* and the majority of the monthlies, only followed at successive intervals (to be pursued in due course by weeklies and dailies innumerable), all reducing, but by slow degrees, the force of individual decisions upon literature to the low point at which they now stand. We shall never see the times again when an *Edinburgh* critique could make a Byron, or a *Quarterly* kill a Keats. The minds of men generally have risen more nearly to a level with those of their assumed guides, and they now form judgments extensively for themselves. They write more for themselves; and yet—here is the question—where now are the equals of our Wordsworths, Southseys, and Byrons, men trained, seemingly in the teeth of the old system? We must look to the future, it would seem. The general level has been raised immensely; and, for any object to tower over it, that object must be elevated still more.

The late Francis (Lord) Jeffrey behaved very kindly to Bernard Barton, on the whole. It is a singular fact, indeed, that, after being somewhat overvalued by men for a time, and as much undervalued by many in the next generation, people have now begun generally to admit that Jeffrey was far more often in the right than the wrong, and that all his critical decisions bore the stamp of strong discernment, if not of positive genius. We cannot allow the case even of Wordsworth to be an exception. The early lyrics of that poet, such as the "Idiot Boy," "Goody Blake," and the like, which the *Edinburgh* critic chiefly condemned, are to this hour prized highly by nobody; and had not the bard of Rydal utterly cast aside his own starting canon, which prescribed the use, in verse, of the plainest language of common life, he certainly would not have left behind him the name of the first poet of his age. No poetry in our language equals that of the "Sonnets," and other great pieces of Wordsworth, in stateliness and elaborate dignity; and it may well

be asked, if the criticisms of Jeffrey had no share in leading the poet of the lakes into the wiser track which he irradiated with such a flood of splendor. The remarks of the *Edinburgh* critic, respecting Barton, give a very clear view of his real merits: "The staple of the whole poems is description and meditation—description of quiet home scenery, sweetly and feelingly wrought out—and meditation, overshadowed with tenderness and exalted by devotion—but all terminating in soothing, and even cheerful views of the condition and prospects of society." It was in the same place observed that the poet had "a fine and cultivated, rather than a bold and original mind." This remark may be applied not only to the pieces which lay before the reviewer at the time, but to all that followed from the same pen. Besides a poem on the subject of "Napoleon," published in 1822, not less than five small additional volumes of verse by Barton appeared betwixt that year and 1828. He continued to compose occasionally after that period, for annuals and other periodicals, but no new volume was issued until 1845, when he obtained leave to dedicate his final collection of verses to Queen Victoria. Old age had now advanced upon him, and brought with it ailments of some severity. It is not unworthy of note, by the way, that Bernard Barton, while most temperate in his living, neglected or violated one grand sanitary rule, always held as scarcely of inferior importance. As he himself humorously said, he had for forty years taken "as little exercise as a milestone, and far less fresh air." Possibly, however, the symptoms of heart disease, which attacked him latterly, may have arisen from this very neglect of free and regular exercise. Be this as it may, in the beginning of 1849, Bernard showed marks of a failing system, though never forsaken for a moment by the cheerfulness habitual to him through life. The "last scene of all" is thus noticed in the "Memoir": "On Monday, February 19, he was unable to get into the bank, having passed a very unquiet night—the first night of distress, he thankfully said, that his illness had caused him. He suffered during the day, but welcomed as usual the friends who came to see him as he lay on his sofa; and wrote a few notes—for his correspondence must now, as he had humorously lamented, become as short-breathed as himself. In the evening, at



half-past eight, as he was yet conversing cheerfully with a friend, he rose up, went to his bedroom, and suddenly rang the bell. He was found by his daughter—dying. Assistance was sent for; but all assistance was vain. 'In a few minutes more,' says the note dispatched from the house of death that night, 'all distress was over on *his* part—and that warm, kind heart is still forever.'

Purposing in conclusion to present a few of the pieces of Bernard Barton, we may revert to the opinions of his poetry expressed by eminent judges. Charles Lamb spoke of some of them as "sweet with Doric delicacy," and so spoke justly. The verses here more immediately alluded to, were those addressed "To the Memory of Robert Bloomfield"—a man of spirit congenial to that of Barton. A few stanzas of this piece may be subjoined:—

"Thou shouldst not to the grave descend  
Unmourn'd, unhonor'd, and unsung;  
Could harp of mine record thine end,  
For thee that rude harp should be strung;  
And plaintive notes as ever rung  
Should all its simple strings employ,  
Lamenting unto old and young  
The Bard who sung the Farmer's Boy.

"The *Harvest Home's* rejoicing cup  
Should pause, when that sad note was heard;  
The *Widow* turn her *Hourglass* up  
With tenderest feelings newly stirr'd;  
And many a pity-waken'd word,  
And sighs that speak when language fails,  
Should prove thy simple strains preferr'd  
To prouder poets' lofty tales.

"And long may guileless hearts preserve  
Thy memory, and its tablets be:  
While nature's healthy power shall nerve  
The arm of labor toiling free:  
While childhood's innocence and glee  
With green old age enjoyment share;  
*Richards* and *Kates* shall tell of thee,  
*Walters* and *Janes* thy name declare.

"How wise, how noble, was thy choice,  
To be the Bard of simple swains;  
In all their pleasures to rejoice,  
And sooth with sympathy their pains;  
To sing with feeling in thy strains  
The simple subjects they discuss,  
And be, though free from classic chains,  
Our own more chaste Theocritus!"

There is indeed a simple delicacy here, as said Charles Lamb, a true but not blindly partial friend of the Poet of the Friends. The esteem and regard of Elia were never more strongly shown than when he reprobated the desire of Barton to adopt a literary life wholly. With that strong common sense which leav-

ened so singularly his rare and exuberant fancifulness, Lamb wrote to his friend—"Keep to your bank, and the bank will keep you. Trust not to the public: you may hang, starve, drown yourself for any thing that worthy personage cares. I bless every star that Providence, not seeing good to make me independent, has seen it next good to settle me upon the stable foundation of Leadenhall. Sit down, good B. B., in the banking office: what! is there not, from six to eleven P.M., six days in the week, and is there not all Sunday? Fie, what a superfluity of man's time, if you could think so! Enough for relaxation, mirth, converse, poetry, good thoughts, quiet thoughts. Oh the corroding, torturing, tormenting thoughts that disturb the brain of the unlucky wight who must draw upon it for daily sustenance! Henceforth I retract all my fond complaints of mercantile employment—look upon them as lovers' quarrels. I was but half in earnest. Welcome dead timber of a desk that gives me life. A little grumbling is a wholesome medicine for the spleen, but in my inner heart do I approve and embrace this our close but unharrassing way of life. I am quite serious." Two other parties, each very differently situated from Lamb, gave, singularly enough, much the same advice. Southey, who himself lived wholly by letters, counselled the Quaker Bard to pursue literature not as a study or business, but as a relaxation; and Lord Byron, who had his patrimonial means of sustenance, used the following pointed words to Bernard—"Do not renounce writing, but never trust entirely to authorship." No doubt, one and all of these friendly counsellors, while appreciating sincerely the abilities of our poet, felt at the same time that they were not of that high character by which success might be absolutely enforced and commanded. In truth, as is nearly expressed in the Edinburgh critique, Bernard Barton was less a poet than a man of cultivated mind with poetical leanings, or a warm love of verse, superadded to a most gentle and amiable disposition. *Ideality*, the staple element of all highly poetical intellects, he seems to have possessed in but a very moderate degree. His reflectiveness was strong enough to enable him to point a tender, instructive, and just moral; but his imagination lacked the power to disclose to him those profounder analogies in nature which the true

poe. describes, and on which he feeds his mood of lofty contemplation. No trace of any one such thought as that of Milton, when he speaks of music by night as

"Smoothing the raven down of darkness till it smiled,"

occurs in the whole compass of the writings of Barton. Nor, to take a more applicable case, though the mild and meditative temperament of Barton was not unakin to that of Wordsworth, can we find the former anywhere strewing his lyrics with such passages at once profoundly thoughtful and highly imaginative as the following :—

"Long have I loved what I behold,  
The night that calms, the day that cheers ;  
The common growth of mother earth  
Suffices me—her tears, her mirth,  
Her humblest mirth and tears.

"The dragon's wing, the magic ring,  
I shall not covet for my dower,  
If I along that lowly way  
With sympathetic heart may stray,  
And with a soul of power."

But, while giving us no such instances of deep thought in union with exalted imagination, Bernard Barton merits not the less his meed of praise, in so far as he has left to us many poems instinct with pure and tender sentiment, and full of just, if not striking or novel reflections. The following sonnet, for example, cannot boast of much originality, and yet how pleasing! It seems to have been a late effusion :—

"The lamp will shed a feeble, glimmering light,  
When the sustaining oil is nearly spent :  
The small stars twinkle in the firmament,  
And the moon's paler orb arise on night,  
When day has waned ; the scathed tree, despite  
Of age, looks green with ivy wreaths besprent ;  
And faded roses yet retain a scent,  
When death has made them loveless to the sight  
So linger on, as seeming loth to die,  
Light, color, sweetness ; thus unto the last  
The poet o'er his worn-out lyre will cast

A nerveless hand, and still new numbers try ;  
Not unrewarded, if its parting sigh  
Seem like the lingering echo of the past."

Bernard Barton was sincerely and habitually religious, and many of his pieces, bearing on serious and Scriptural subjects, breathe the very spirit of bland and hopeful Christianity. Of such a cast is "In Coelo Quies."

"Not in this weary world of ours  
Can perfect rest be found ;  
Thorns mingle with its fairest flowers,  
Even on cultured ground ;  
A brook—to drink of by the way,  
A rock—its shade to cast,  
May cheer our path from day to day,  
But such not long can last ;  
Earth's pilgrim, still, his loins must gird  
To seek a lot more blest ;  
And this must be his onward word—  
'In heaven alone is rest.'

"This cannot be our resting-place !  
Though now and then a gleam  
Of lovely nature, heavenly grace,  
May on it briefly beam ;  
Grief's pelting shower, Care's dark'ning cloud,  
Still falls, or hovers near :  
And sin's pollutions often shroud  
The light of life, while here.  
Not till it 'shuffle off the coil'  
In which it lies deprest,  
Can the pure spirit cease from toil ;  
'In heaven alone is rest !'

"Rest to the weary, anxious soul,  
That, on life's toilsome road,  
Bears onward to the destined goal  
Its heavy, galling load ;  
Rest unto eyes that often weep  
Beneath the day's broad light,  
Or oftener painful vigils keep  
Through the dark hours of night !  
But let us bear with pain and care,  
As ill to be redrest,  
Relying on the promise fair—  
'In heaven there will be rest !'"

The Quaker poet, Bernard Barton, if not destined to rank high among the poets of his country, has at least won a modest niche in the great temple ; and his works will probably be read hereafter, and admired for their purity and delicacy of sentiment and expression, even when the works of much more ambitious sectators of the muses have passed away into oblivion.

From The Encyclopedia Britannica.

WILLIAM PITT.\*

BY LORD MACAULAY.

WILLIAM PITT, the second son of William Pitt, Earl of Chatham, and of Lady Hester Grenville, daughter of Hester, Countess Temple, was born on the 28th of May, 1759. The child inherited a name which, at the time of his birth, was the most illustrious in the civilized world, and was pronounced by every Englishman with pride, and by every enemy of England with mingled admiration and terror. During the first year of his life, every month had its illuminations and bonfires, and every wind brought some messenger charged with joyful tidings and hostile standards. In Westphalia the English infantry won a great battle which arrested the armies of Louis the Fifteenth in the midst of a career of conquest: Boscawen defeated one French fleet on the coast of Portugal: Hawke put to flight another in the Bay of Biscay: Johnson took Niagara: Amherst took Ticonderoga: Wolfe died by the most enviable of deaths under the walls of Quebec: Clive destroyed a Dutch armament in the Hoogley, and established the English supremacy in Bengal: Coote routed Lally at Wandewash, and established the English supremacy in the Carnatic. The nation, while loudly applauding the successful warriors, considered them all, on sea and on land, in Europe, in America, and in Asia, merely as instruments which received their direction from one superior mind. It was the great William Pitt, the great commoner, who had vanquished French marshals in Germany, and French admirals on the Atlantic; who had conquered for his country one great empire on the frozen shores of Ontario, and another under the tropical sun near the mouths of the Ganges. It was not in the nature of things that popularity such as he at this time enjoyed should be permanent. That popularity had lost its gloss before his children were old enough to understand that their father was a great man. He was at length placed in situations in which neither his talents for administration nor his talents for debate appeared to the best advantage. The energy and decision which had eminently fitted him for the direction of war were not needed in time of peace. The lofty and spirit-stirring eloquence, which had made

him supreme in the House of Commons, often fell dead on the House of Lords. A cruel malady racked his joints, and left his joints only to fall on his nerves and on his brain. During the closing years of his life, he was odious to the court, and yet was not on cordial terms with the great body of the opposition. Chatham was only the ruin of Pitt, but an awful and majestic ruin, not to be contemplated by any man of sense and feeling without emotions resembling those which are excited by the remains of the Parthenon and of the Colosseum. In one respect the old statesman was eminently happy. Whatever might be the vicissitudes of his public life, he never failed to find peace and love by his own hearth. He loved all his children, and was loved by them; and, of all his children, the one of whom he was fondest and proudest was his second son.

The child's genius and ambition displayed themselves with a rare and almost unnatural precocity. At seven, the interest which he took in grave subjects, the ardor with which he pursued his studies, and the sense and vivacity of his remarks on books and on events, amazed his parents and instructors. One of his sayings of this date was reported to his mother by his tutor. In August, 1776, when the world was agitated by the news that Mr. Pitt had become Earl of Chatham, little William exclaimed, "I am glad that I am not the eldest son. I want to speak in the House of Commons like papa." A letter is extant in which Lady Chatham, a woman of considerable abilities, remarked to her lord, that their younger son at twelve had left far behind him his elder brother, who was fifteen. "The fineness," she wrote, "of William's mind, makes him enjoy with the greatest pleasure what would be above the reach of any other creature of his small age." At fourteen the lad was in intellect a man. Hayley, who met him at Lyme in the summer of 1773, was astonished, delighted, and somewhat overawed, by hearing wit and wisdom from so young a mouth. The poet, indeed, was afterwards sorry that his shyness had prevented him from submitting the plan of an extensive literary work, which he was then meditating to the judgment of this extraordinary boy. The boy, indeed, had already written a tragedy, bad of course, but not worse than the tragedies of his friend. This piece is still preserved at Chevening, and is in

\* This article, preceded by a Biography of the Earl of Chatham, has been published in a separate volume by Messrs. Delisser and Procter, New York.

some respects highly curious. There is no love. The whole plot is political; and it is remarkable that the interest, such as it is, turns on a contest about a regency. On one side is a faithful servant of the Crown, on the other an ambitious and unprincipled conspirator. At length the King, who has been missing, re-appears, resumes his power, and rewards the faithful defender of his rights. A reader who should judge only by internal evidence, would have no hesitation in pronouncing that the play was written by some Pittite poetaster at the time of the rejoicings for the recovery of George the Third in 1789.

The pleasure with which William's parents observed the rapid development of his intellectual powers was alloyed by apprehensions about his health. He shot up alarmingly fast; he was often ill, and always weak; and it was feared that it would be impossible to rear a stripling so tall, so slender, and so feeble. Port wine was prescribed by his medical advisers; and it is said that he was, at fourteen, accustomed to take this agreeable physic in quantities which would, in our asthmatic age, be thought much more than sufficient for any full-grown man. This regimen, though it would probably have killed ninety-nine boys out of a hundred, seems to have been well suited to the peculiarities of William's constitution; for at fifteen he ceased to be molested by disease, and, though never a strong man, continued, during many years of labor and anxiety, of nights passed in debate and of summers passed in London, to be a tolerably healthy one. It was probably on account of the delicacy of his frame that he was not educated like other boys of the same rank. Almost all the eminent English statesmen and orators to whom he was afterwards opposed or allied, North, Fox, Shelburne, Windham, Grey, Wellesley, Grenville, Sheridan, Canning, went through the training of great public schools. Lord Chatham had himself been a distinguished Etonian; and it is seldom that a distinguished Etonian forgets his obligations to Eton. But William's infirmities required a vigilance and tenderness such as could be found only at home. He was therefore bred under the paternal roof. His studies were superintended by a clergyman named Wilson; and those studies, though often interrupted by illness, were prosecuted with extraordinary success. Before the lad had completed his fifteenth year, his

knowledge both of the ancient languages and of mathematics was such as very few men of eighteen then carried up to college. He was therefore sent, towards the close of the year 1773, to Pembroke Hall, in the university of Cambridge. So young a student required much more than the ordinary care which a college tutor bestows on undergraduates. The governor, to whom the direction of William's academical life was confided, was a bachelor of arts named Pretzman, who had been senior wrangler in the preceding year, and who, though not a man of prepossessing appearance or brilliant parts, was eminently acute and laborious, a sound scholar, and an excellent geometrician. At Cambridge, Pretzman was, during more than two years, the inseparable companion, and indeed almost the only companion, of his pupil. A close and lasting friendship sprang up between the pair. The disciple was able, before he completed his twenty-eighth year, to make his preceptor bishop of Lincoln and dean of St. Paul's; and the preceptor showed his gratitude by writing a Life of the disciple, which enjoys the distinction of being the worst biographical work of its size in the world.

Pitt, till he graduated, had scarcely one acquaintance, attended chapel regularly morning and evening, dined every day in hall, and never went to a single evening party. At seventeen, he was admitted, after the bad fashion of those times, by right of birth, without any examination, to the degree of Master of Arts. But he continued during some years to reside at college, and to apply himself vigorously, under Pretzman's direction, to the studies of the place, while mixing freely in the best academic society.

The stock of learning which Pitt laid in during this part of his life was certainly very extraordinary. In fact, it was all that he ever possessed; for he very early became too busy to have any spare time for books. The work in which he took the greatest delight was Newton's Principia. His liking for mathematics, indeed, amounted to a passion, which, in the opinion of his instructors, themselves distinguished mathematicians, required to be checked rather than encouraged. The acuteness and readiness with which he solved problems was pronounced by one of the ablest of the moderators, who in those days presided over the disputations in the schools, and conducted the examinations of the Senate-House,



to be unrivalled in the university. Nor was the youth's proficiency in classical learning less remarkable. In one respect, indeed, he appeared to disadvantage when compared with even second-rate and third-rate men from public schools. He had never, while under Wilson's care, been in the habit of composing in the ancient languages; and he therefore never acquired that knack of versification which is sometimes possessed by clever boys whose knowledge of the language and literature of Greece and Rome is very superficial. It would have been utterly out of his power to produce such charming elegiac lines as those in which Wellesley bade farewell to Eton, or such Virgilian hexameters as those in which Canning described the pilgrimage to Mecca. But it may be doubted whether any scholar has ever, at twenty, had a more solid and profound knowledge of the two great tongues of the old civilized world. The facility with which he penetrated the meaning of the most intricate sentences in the Attic writers astonished veteran critics. He had set his heart on being intimately acquainted with all the extant poetry of Greece, and was not satisfied till he had mastered Lycophron's Cassandra, the most obscure work in the whole range of ancient literature. This strange rhapsody, the difficulties of which have perplexed and repelled many excellent scholars, "he read," says his preceptor, "with an ease at first, which, if I had not witnessed it, I should have thought beyond the compass of human intellect."

To modern literature Pitt paid comparatively little attention. He knew no living language except French; and French he knew very imperfectly. With a few of the best English writers he was intimate, particularly with Shakspeare and Milton. The debate in Pandemonium was, as it well deserved to be, one of his favorite passages; and his early friends used to talk, long after his death, of the just emphasis and the melodious cadence with which they had heard him recite the incomparable speech of Belial. He had indeed been carefully trained from infancy in the art of managing his voice, a voice naturally clear and deep-toned. His father, whose oratory owed no small part of its effect to that art, had been a most skilful and judicious instructor. At a later period, the wits of Brooke's, irritated by observing, night after night, how powerfully Pitt's sonorous elocu-

tion fascinated the rows of country gentlemen, reproached him with having been "taught by his dad on a stool."

His education, indeed, was well adapted to form a great parliamentary speaker. One argument often urged against those classical studies which occupy so large a part of the early life of every gentleman bred in the south of our island is, that they prevent him from acquiring a command of his mother tongue, and that it is not unusual to meet with a youth of excellent parts, who writes Ciceronian Latin prose and Horatian Latin *Alcaics*, but who would find it impossible to express his thoughts in pure, perspicuous, and forcible English. There may perhaps be some truth in this observation. But the classical studies of Pitt were carried on in a peculiar manner, and had the effect of enriching his English vocabulary, and of making him wonderfully expert in the art of constructing correct English sentences. His practice was to look over a page or two of a Greek or Latin author, to make himself master of the meaning, and then to read the passage straight forward into his own language. This practice, begun under his first teacher Wilson, was continued under Pretymann. It is not strange that a young man of great abilities, who had been exercised daily in this way during ten years, should have acquired an almost unrivalled power of putting his thoughts, without premeditation, into words well selected and well arranged.

Of all the remains of antiquity, the orations were those on which he bestowed the most minute examination. His favorite employment was to compare harangues on opposite sides of the same question, to analyze them, and to observe which of the arguments of the first speaker were refuted by the second, which were evaded, and which were left untouched. Nor was it only in books that he at this time studied the art of parliamentary fencing. When he was at home, he had frequent opportunities of hearing important debates at Westminster; and he heard them not only with interest and enjoyment, but with a close scientific attention, resembling that with which a diligent pupil at Guy's Hospital watches every turn of the hand of a great surgeon through a difficult operation. On one of these occasions, Pitt, a youth whose abilities were as yet known only to his own family and to a small knot of college friends, was introduced on the steps of the throne in the House of

Lords to Fox, who was his senior by eleven years, and who was already the greatest debater, and one of the greatest orators, that had appeared in England. Fox used afterwards to relate that, as the discussion proceeded, Pitt repeatedly turned to him, and said, "But surely, Mr. Fox, that might be met thus;" or, "Yes; but he lays himself open to this retort." What the particular criticisms were, Fox had forgotten; but he said that he was much struck at the time by the precocity of a lad who, through the whole sitting, seemed to be thinking only how all the speeches on both sides could be answered.

One of the young man's visits to the House of Lords was a sad and memorable era in his life. He had not quite completed his nineteenth year, when, on the 7th of April, 1778, he attended his father to Westminster. A great debate was expected. It was known that France had recognized the independence of the United States. The Duke of Richmond was about to declare his opinion that all thought of subjugating those states ought to be relinquished. Chatham had always maintained that the resistance of the colonies to the mother country was justifiable. But he conceived, very erroneously, that on the day on which their independence should be acknowledged the greatness of England would be at an end. Though sinking under the weight of years and infirmities, he determined, in spite of the entreaties of his family, to be in his place. His son supported him to a seat. The excitement and exertion were too much for the old man. In the very act of addressing the peers, he fell back in convulsions. A few weeks later his corpse was borne, with gloomy pomp, from the Painted Chamber to the Abbey. The favorite child and namesake of the deceased statesman followed the coffin as chief mourner, and saw it deposited in the transept where his own was destined to lie.

His elder brother, now Earl of Chatham, had means sufficient, and barely sufficient, to support the dignity of the peerage. The other members of the family were poorly provided for. William had little more than three hundred a-year. It was necessary for him to follow a profession. He had already begun to eat his terms. In the spring of 1780 he came of age. He then quitted Cambridge was called to the bar, took chambers in Lincoln's Inn, and joined the western circuit.

In the autumn of that year a general election took place; and he offered himself as a candidate for the university; but he was at the bottom of the poll. It is said that the grave doctors who then sat, robed in scarlet, on the benches of Golgotha, thought it great presumption in so young a man to solicit so high a distinction. He was, however, at the request of a hereditary friend, the Duke of Rutland, brought into parliament by Sir James Lowther for the borough of Appleby.

The dangers of the country were at that time such as might well have disturbed even a constant mind. Army after army had been sent in vain against the rebellious colonists of North America. On pitched fields of battle the advantage had been with the disciplined troops of the mother country. But it was not on pitched fields of battle that the event of such a contest could be decided. An armed nation, with hunger and the Atlantic for auxiliaries, was not to be subjugated. Meanwhile, the House of Bourbon, humbled to the dust a few years before by the genius and vigor of Chatham, had seized the opportunity of revenge. France and Spain were united against us, and had recently been joined by Holland. The command of the Mediterranean had been for a time lost. The British flag had been scarcely able to maintain itself in the British Channel. The northern powers professed neutrality; but their neutrality had a menacing aspect. In the East, Hyder had descended on the Carnatic, had destroyed the little army of Baillie, and had spread terror even to the ramparts of Fort Saint George. The discontents of Ireland threatened nothing less than civil war. In England the authority of the government had sunk to the lowest point. The King and the House of Commons were alike unpopular. The cry for parliamentary reform was scarcely less loud and vehement than in the autumn of 1830. Formidable associations, headed, not by ordinary demagogues, but by men of high rank, stainless character, and distinguished ability, demanded a revision of the representative system. The populace, emboldened by the impotence and irresolution of the government, had recently broken loose from all restraint, besieged the chambers of the legislature, hustled peers, hunted bishops, attacked the residences of ambassadors, opened prisons, burned and pulled down houses. London had presented during some days the aspect



of a city taken by storm; and it had been necessary to form a camp among the trees of St. James's Park.

In spite of dangers and difficulties, abroad and at home, George the Third, with a firmness which had little affinity with virtue or with wisdom, persisted in his determination to put down the American rebels by force of arms; and his ministers submitted their judgment to his. Some of them were probably actuated merely by selfish cupidity, but their chief, Lord North, a man of high honor, amiable temper, winning manners, lively wit, and excellent talents both for business and for debate, must be acquitted of all sordid motives. He remained at a post from which he had long wished and had repeatedly tried to escape, only because he had not sufficient fortitude to resist the entreaties and reproaches of the King, who silenced all arguments by passionately asking whether any gentleman, any man of spirit, could have the heart to desert a kind master in the hour of extremity.

The opposition consisted of two parties which had once been hostile to each other, and which had been very slowly, and, as it soon appeared, very imperfectly, reconciled, but which at this conjuncture seemed to act together with cordiality. The larger of these parties consisted of the great body of the Whig aristocracy. Its head was Charles, Marquis of Rockingham, a man of sense and virtue, and in wealth and parliamentary interest equalled by very few of the English nobles, but afflicted with a nervous timidity, which prevented him from taking a prominent part in debate. In the House of Commons the adherents of Rockingham were led by Fox, whose dissipated habits and ruined fortunes were the talk of the whole town, but whose commanding genius, and whose sweet, generous, and affectionate disposition extorted the admiration and love of those who most lamented the errors of his private life. Burke, superior to Fox in largeness of comprehension, in extent of knowledge, and in splendor of imagination, but less skilled in that kind of logic and in that kind of rhetoric which convince and persuade great assemblies, was willing to be the lieutenant of a young chief who might have been his son.

A smaller section of the opposition was composed of the old followers of Chatham. At their head was William, Earl of Shelburne,

distinguished both as a statesman and as a lover of science and letters. With him were leagued Lord Camden, who had formerly held the great seal, and whose integrity, ability, and constitutional knowledge commanded the public respect; Barré, an eloquent and acrimonious declaimer; and Dunning, who had long held the first place at the English bar. It was to this party that Pitt was naturally attracted.

On the 26th of February, 1781, he made his first speech in favor of Burke's plan of economical reform. Fox stood up at the same moment, but instantly gave way. The lofty yet animated deportment of the young member, his perfect self-possession, the readiness with which he replied to the orators who had preceded him, the silver tones of his voice, the perfect structure of his unpremeditated sentences, astonished and delighted his hearers. Burke, moved even to tears, exclaimed, "It is not a chip of the old block; it is the old block itself." "Pitt will be one of the first men in parliament," said a member of the opposition to Fox. "He is so already," answered Fox, in whose nature envy had no place. It is a curious fact, well remembered by some who were very recently living, that soon after this debate Pitt's name was put up by Fox at Brooke's.

On two subsequent occasions during that session Pitt addressed the house, and on both fully sustained the reputation which he had acquired on his first appearance. In the summer, after the prorogation, he again went the western circuit, held several briefs, and acquitted himself in such a manner that he was highly complimented by Buller from the bench, and by Dunning at the bar.

On the 27th of November the parliament re-assembled. Only forty-eight hours before had arrived tidings of the surrender of Cornwallis and his army; and it consequently became necessary to rewrite the royal speech. Every man in the kingdom, except the King, was now convinced that it was mere madness to think of conquering the United States. In the debate on the report of the address, Pitt spoke with even more energy and brilliancy than on any former occasion. He was warmly applauded by his allies; but it was remarked that no person on his own side of the house was so loud in eulogy as Henry Dundas, the Lord Advocate of Scotland, who spoke from the ministerial ranks. That able and versa-

tile politician distinctly foresaw the approaching downfall of the government with which he was connected, and was preparing to make his own escape from the ruin. From that night dates his connection with Pitt, a connection which soon became a close intimacy, and which lasted till it was dissolved by death.

About a fortnight later, Pitt spoke in the committee of supply on the army estimates. Symptoms of dissension had begun to appear on the treasury bench. Lord George Germaine, the secretary of state, who was especially charged with the direction of the war in America, had held language not easily to be reconciled with declarations made by the first lord of the treasury. Pitt noticed the discrepancy with much force and keenness. Lord George and Lord North began to whisper together; and Welbore Ellis, an ancient placeman, who had been drawing salary almost every quarter since the days of Henry Pelham, bent down between them to put in a word. Such interruptions sometimes discompose veteran speakers. Pitt stopped, and, looking at the group, said, with admirable readiness, "I shall wait till Nestor has composed the dispute between Agamemnon and Achilles."

After several defeats, or victories hardly to be distinguished from defeats, the ministry resigned. The King, reluctantly and ungraciously, consented to accept Rockingham as first minister. Fox and Shelburne became secretaries of state. Lord John Cavendish, one of the most upright and honorable of men, was made chancellor of the exchequer. Thurlow, whose abilities and force of character had made him the dictator of the House of Lords, continued to hold the great seal.

To Pitt was offered, through Shelburne, the vice-treasurership of Ireland, one of the easiest and most highly paid places in the gift of the Crown; but the offer was, without hesitation, declined. The young statesman had resolved to accept no post which did not entitle him to a seat in the cabinet; and, a few days later, he announced that resolution in the House of Commons. It must be remembered that the cabinet was then a much smaller and more select body than at present. We have seen cabinets of sixteen. In the time of our grandfathers a cabinet of ten or eleven was thought inconveniently large. Seven was a usual number. Even Burke, who had taken

the lucrative office of paymaster, was not in the cabinet. Many therefore thought Pitt's declaration indecent. He himself was sorry that he had made it. The words, he said in private, had escaped him in the heat of speaking; and he had no sooner uttered them than he would have given the world to recall them. They, however, did him no harm with the public. The second William Pitt, it was said, had shown that he had inherited the spirit as well as the genius of the first. In the son, as in the father, there might perhaps be too much pride; but there was nothing low or sordid. It might be called arrogance in a young barrister, living in chambers on three hundred a year, to refuse a salary of five thousand a year, merely because he did not choose to bind himself to speak or vote for plans which he had no share in framing; but surely such arrogance was not very far removed from virtue.

Pitt gave a general support to the administration of Rockingham, but omitted, in the mean time, no opportunity of courting that ultra-whig party which the persecution of Wilkes and the Middlesex election had called into existence, and which the disastrous events of war, and the triumph of republican principles in America, had made formidable both in numbers and in temper. He supported a motion for shortening the duration of parliaments. He made a motion for a committee to examine into the state of the representation, and, in the speech by which that motion was introduced, avowed himself the enemy of the close boroughs, the strongholds of that corruption to which he attributed all the calamities of the nation, and which, as he phrased it in one of those exact and sonorous sentences of which he had a boundless command, had grown with the growth of England and strengthened with her strength, but had not diminished with her diminution, or decayed with her decay. On this occasion he was supported by Fox. The motion was lost by only twenty votes in a house of more than three hundred members. The reformers never again had so good a division till the year 1831.

The new administration was strong in abilities, and was more popular than any administration which had held office since the first year of George the Third, but was hated by the King, hesitatingly supported by the parliament, and torn by internal dissensions.

The chancellor was disliked and distrusted by almost all his colleagues. The two secretaries of state regarded each other with no friendly feeling. The line between their departments had not been traced with precision; and there were consequently jealousies, encroachments, and complaints. It was all that Rockingham could do to keep the peace in his cabinet; and before the cabinet had existed three months, Rockingham died.

In an instant all was confusion. The adherents of the deceased statesman looked on the Duke of Portland as their chief. The King placed Shelburne at the head of the treasury. Fox, Lord John Cavendish, and Burke, immediately resigned their offices; and the new prime minister was left to constitute a government out of very defective materials. His own parliamentary talents were great; but he could not be in the place where parliamentary talents were most needed. It was necessary to find some member of the House of Commons who could confront the great orators of the opposition; and Pitt alone had the eloquence and the courage which were required. He was offered the great place of chancellor of the exchequer, and he accepted it. He had scarcely completed his twenty-third year.

The parliament was speedily prorogued. During the recess, a negotiation for peace which had been commenced under Rockingham was brought to a successful termination. England acknowledged the independence of her revolted colonies; and she ceded to her European enemies some places in the Mediterranean, and in the Gulf of Mexico. But the terms which she obtained were quite as advantageous and honorable as the events of the war entitled her to expect, or as she was likely to obtain by persevering in a contest against immense odds. All her vital parts, all the real resources of her power remained uninjured. She preserved even her dignity; for she ceded to the House of Bourbon only part of what she had won from that house in previous wars. She retained her Indian empire undiminished; and, in spite of the mightiest efforts of two great monarchies, her flag still waved on the rock of Gibraltar. There is not the slightest reason to believe that Fox, if he had remained in office, would have hesitated one moment about concluding a treaty on such conditions. Unhappily that great and most amiable man was, at this crisis, hur-

ried by his passions into an error which made his genius and his virtues, during a long course of years, almost useless to his country.

He saw that the great body of the House of Commons was divided into three parties, his own, that of North, and that of Shelburne; that none of those three parties were large enough to stand alone; that, therefore, unless two of them united, there must be a miserably feeble administration, or, more probably, a rapid succession of miserably feeble administrations, and this at a time when a strong government was essential to the prosperity and respectability of the nation. It was then necessary and right that there should be a coalition. To every possible coalition there were objections. But, of all possible coalitions, that to which there were the fewest objections, was undoubtedly a coalition between Shelburne and Fox. It would have been generally applauded by the followers of both. It might have been made without any sacrifice of public principle on the part of either. Unhappily, recent bickerings had left in the mind of Fox a profound dislike and distrust of Shelburne. Pitt attempted to mediate, and was authorized to invite Fox to return to the service of the Crown. "Is Lord Shelburne," said Fox, "to remain prime minister?" Pitt answered in the affirmative. "It is impossible that I can act under him," said Fox. "Then negotiation is at an end," said Pitt; "for I cannot betray him." Thus the two statesmen parted. They were never again in a private room together.

As Fox and his friends would not treat with Shelburne, nothing remained to them but to treat with North. That fatal coalition, which is emphatically called "The Coalition," was formed. Not three quarters of a year had elapsed since Fox and Burke had threatened North with impeachment, and had described him, night after night, as the most arbitrary, the most corrupt, the most incapable of ministers. They now allied themselves with him for the purpose of driving from office a statesman with whom they cannot be said to have differed as to any important question. Nor had they even the prudence and the patience to wait for some occasion on which they might, without inconsistency, have combined with their old enemies in opposition to the government. That nothing might be wanting to the scandal, the great orators who had, during seven years, thundered against

the war, determined to join with the authors of that war in passing a vote of censure on the peace.

The parliament met before Christmas, 1782. But it was not till January, 1783, that the preliminary treaties were signed. On the 17th of February they were taken into consideration by the House of Commons. There had been, during some days, floating rumors that Fox and North had coalesced; and the debate indicated but too clearly that those rumors were not unfounded. Pitt was suffering from indisposition: he did not rise till his own strength and that of his hearers were exhausted; and he was consequently less successful than on any former occasion. His admirers owned that his speech was feeble and petulant. He so far forgot himself as to advise Sheridan to confine himself to amusing theatrical audiences. This ignoble sarcasm gave Sheridan an opportunity of retorting with great felicity. "After what I have seen and heard to-night," he said, "I really feel strongly tempted to venture on a competition with so great an artist as Ben Jonson, and to bring on the stage a second Angry Boy." On a division, the address proposed by the supporters of the government was rejected by a majority of sixteen.

But Pitt was not a man to be disheartened by a single failure, or to be put down by the most lively repartee. When, a few days later, the opposition proposed a resolution directly censuring the treaties, he spoke with an eloquence, energy, and dignity, which raised his fame and popularity higher than ever. To the coalition of Fox and North he alluded in language which drew forth tumultuous applause from his followers. "If," he said, "this ill-omened and unnatural marriage be not yet consummated, I know of a just and lawful impediment; and, in the name of the public weal, I forbid the banns."

The ministers were again left in a minority, and Shelburne consequently tendered his resignation. It was accepted: but the King struggled long and hard before he submitted to the terms dictated by Fox, whose faults he detested, and whose high spirit and powerful intellect he detested still more. The first place at the board of treasury was repeatedly offered to Pitt: but the offer, though tempting, was steadfastly declined. The young man, whose judgment was as precocious as his eloquence, saw that his time was coming,

but was not come, and was deaf to royal importunities and reproaches. His Majesty, bitterly complaining of Pitt's faintheartedness, tried to break the coalition. Every art of seduction was practised on North, but in vain. During several weeks the country remained without a government. It was not till all devices had failed, and till the aspect of the House of Commons became threatening, that the King gave way. The Duke of Portland was declared first lord of the treasury. Thurlow was dismissed. Fox and North became secretaries of state, with power ostensibly equal. But Fox was the real prime minister.

The year was far advanced before the new arrangements were completed; and nothing very important was done during the remainder of the session. Pitt, now seated on the opposition bench, brought the question of parliamentary reform a second time under the consideration of the Commons. He proposed to add to the house at once a hundred county members and several members for metropolitan districts, and to enact that every borough of which an election committee should report that the majority of voters appear to be corrupt, should lose the franchise. The motion was rejected by two hundred and ninety-three votes to one hundred and forty-nine.

After the prorogation, Pitt visited the Continent for the first and last time. His traveling companion was one of his most intimate friends, a young man of his own age, who had already distinguished himself in parliament by an engaging natural eloquence, set off by the sweetest and most exquisitely modulated of human voices, and whose affectionate heart, caressing manners, and brilliant wit, made him the most delightful of companions, William Wilberforce. That was the time of Anglomaniæ in France; and at Paris the son of the great Chatham was absolutely hunted by men of letters and women of fashion, and forced, much against his will, into political disputation. One remarkable saying which dropped from him during this tour has been preserved. A French gentleman expressed some surprise at the immense influence which Fox, a man of pleasure, ruined by the dice-box and the turf, exercised over the English nation. "You have not," said Pitt, "been under the wand of the magician."

In November 1783 the parliament met again. The government had irretrievable



strength in the House of Commons, and seemed to be scarcely less strong in the House of Lords, but was, in truth, surrounded on every side by dangers. The King was impatiently waiting for the moment at which he could emancipate himself from a yoke which galled him so severely, that he had more than once seriously thought of retiring to Hanover; and the King was scarcely more eager for a change than the nation. Fox and North had committed a fatal error. They ought to have known that coalitions between parties which have long been hostile, can succeed only when the wish for coalition pervades the lower ranks of both. If the leaders unite before there is any disposition to union among the followers, the probability is that there will be a mutiny in both camps, and that the two revolted armies will make a truce with each other, in order to be revenged on those by whom they think that they have been betrayed. Thus it was in 1783. At the beginning of that eventful year, North had been the recognized head of the old Tory party, which, though for a moment prostrated by the disastrous issue of the American war, was still a great power in the State. To him the clergy, the universities, and that large body of country gentlemen whose rallying cry was "Church and King," had long looked up with respect and confidence. Fox had, on the other hand, been the idol of the Whigs, and of the whole body of Protestant dissenters. The coalition at once alienated the most zealous Tories from North, and the most zealous Whigs from Fox. The university of Oxford, which had marked its approbation of North's orthodoxy by electing him chancellor, the city of London, which had been, during two and twenty years, at war with the Court, were equally disgusted. Squires and rectors, who had inherited the principles of the cavaliers of the preceding century, could not forgive their old leader for combining with disloyal subjects in order to put a force on the sovereign. The members of the Bill of Rights Society and of the Reform Associations were enraged by learning that their favorite orator now called the great champion of tyranny and corruption his noble friend. Two great multitudes were at once left without any head, and both at once turned their eyes on Pitt. One party saw in him the only man who could rescue the King; the other saw in him the only man who could purify the parliament. He was sup-

ported on one side by Archbishop Markham, the preacher of divine right, and by Jenkinson, the captain of the Prætorian band of the King's friends; on the other side by Jebb and Priestley, Sawbridge and Cartwright, Jack Wilkes and Horne Tooke. On the benches of the House of Commons, however, the ranks of the ministerial majority were unbroken; and that any statesman would venture to brave such a majority was thought impossible. No prince of the Hanoverian line had ever, under any provocation, ventured to appeal from the representative body to the constituent body. The ministers, therefore, notwithstanding the sullen looks and muttered words of displeasure with which their suggestions were received in the closet, notwithstanding the roar of obloquy which was rising louder and louder every day from every corner of the island, thought themselves secure.

Such was their confidence in their strength that, as soon as the parliament had met, they brought forward a singularly bold and original plan for the government of the British territories in India. What was proposed was that the whole authority, which till that time had been exercised over those territories by the East India Company, should be transferred to seven commissioners, who were to be named by parliament, and were not to be removable at the pleasure of the Crown. Earl Fitzwilliam, the most intimate personal friend of Fox, was to be chairman of this board, and the eldest son of North was to be one of the members.

As soon as the outlines of the scheme were known, all the hatred which the coalition had excited burst forth with an astounding explosion. The question which ought undoubtedly to have been considered as paramount to every other was, whether the proposed change was likely to be beneficial or injurious to the thirty millions of people who were subject to the Company. But that question cannot be said to have been even seriously discussed. Burke, who, whether right or wrong in the conclusions to which he came, had at least the merit of looking at the subject in the right point of view, vainly reminded his hearers of that mighty population whose daily rice might depend on a vote of the British parliament. He spoke, with even more than his wonted power of thought and language, about the desolation of Rohilcund, about the spoliation

of Benares, about the evil policy which had suffered the tanks of the Carnatic to go to ruin; but he could scarcely obtain a hearing. The contending parties, to their shame it must be said, would listen to none but English topics. Out of doors the cry against the ministry was almost universal. Town and country were united. Corporations exclaimed against the violation of the charter of the greatest corporation in the realm. Tories and democrats joined in pronouncing the proposed board an unconstitutional body. It was to consist of Fox's nominees. The effect of his bill was to give, not to the Crown, but to him personally, whether in office or in opposition, an enormous power, a patronage sufficient to counterbalance the patronage of the Treasury and of the Admiralty, and to decide the elections for fifty boroughs. He knew, it was said, that he was hateful alike to King and people; and he had devised a plan which would make him independent of both. Some nicknamed him Cromwell, and some Carlo Khan. Wilberforce, with his usual felicity of expression, and with very unusual bitterness of feeling, described the scheme as the genuine offspring of the coalition, as marked with the features of both its parents, the corruption of one and the violence of the other. In spite of all opposition, however, the bill was supported in every stage by great majorities, was rapidly passed, and was sent up to the Lords. To the general astonishment, when the second reading was moved in the upper house the opposition proposed an adjournment, and carried it by eighty-seven votes to seventy-nine. The cause of this strange turn of fortune was soon known. Pitt's cousin, Earl Temple, had been in the royal closet, and had there been authorized to let it be known that his Majesty would consider all who voted for the bill as his enemies. The ignominious commission was performed, and instantly a troop of lords of the bedchamber, of bishops who wished to be translated, and of Scotch peers who wished to be re-elected, made haste to change sides. On a later day, the Lords rejected the bill. Fox and North were immediately directed to send their seals to the palace by their under secretaries; and Pitt was appointed first lord of the treasury and chancellor of the exchequer.

The general opinion was, that there would be an immediate dissolution. But Pitt wisely

determined to give the public feeling time to gather strength. On this point he differed from his kinsman Temple. The consequence was, that Temple, who had been appointed one of the secretaries of state, resigned his office forty-eight hours after he had accepted it, and thus relieved the new government from a great load of unpopularity; for all men of sense and honor, however strong might be their dislike of the India bill, disapproved of the manner in which that bill had been thrown out. Temple carried away with him the scandal which the best friends of the new government could not but lament. The fame of the young prime minister preserved its whiteness. He could declare with perfect truth that, if unconstitutional machinations had been employed, he had been no party to them.

He was, however, surrounded by difficulties and dangers. In the House of Lords, indeed, he had a majority; nor could any orator of the opposition in that assembly be considered as a match for Thurlow, who was now again chancellor, or for Camden, who cordially supported the son of his old friend Chatham. But in the other house there was not a single eminent speaker among the official men who sat round Pitt. His most useful assistant was Dundas, who, though he had not eloquence, had sense, knowledge, readiness, and boldness. On the opposite benches was a powerful majority, led by Fox, who was supported by Burke, North, and Sheridan. The heart of the young minister, stout as it was, almost died within him. He could not once close his eyes on the night which followed Temple's resignation. But, whatever his internal emotions might be, his language and deportment indicated nothing but unconquerable firmness and haughty confidence in his own powers. His contest against the House of Commons lasted from the 17th of December, 1783, to the 8th of March, 1784. In sixteen divisions the opposition triumphed. Again and again the King was requested to dismiss his ministers. But he was determined to go to Germany rather than yield. Pitt's resolution never wavered. The cry of the nation in his favor became vehement and almost furious. Addresses assuring him of public support came up daily from every part of the kingdom. The freedom of the city of London was presented to him in a gold box. He went in state to receive this mark of dis-



tion. He was sumptuously feasted in Grocers' Hall; and the shopkeepers of the Strand and Fleet Street illuminated their houses in his honor. These things could not but produce an effect within the walls of parliament. The ranks of the majority began to waver; a few passed over to the enemy; some skulked away; many were for capitulating while it was still possible to capitulate with the honors of war. Negotiations were opened with the view of forming an administration on a wide basis, but they had scarcely been opened when they were closed. The opposition demanded, as a preliminary article of the treaty, that Pitt should resign the treasury; and with this demand Pitt steadfastly refused to comply. While the contest was raging, the clerkship of the Pells, a sinecure place for life, worth three thousand a-year, and tenable with a seat in the House of Commons, became vacant. The appointment was with the chancellor of the exchequer; nobody doubted that he would appoint himself; and nobody could have blamed him if he had done so; for such sinecure offices had always been defended on the ground that they enabled a few men of eminent abilities and small incomes to live without any profession, and to devote themselves to the service of the state. Pitt, in spite of the remonstrances of his friends, gave the Pells to his father's old adherent, Colonel Barré, a man distinguished by talent and eloquence, but poor and afflicted with blindness. By this arrangement a pension which the Rockingham administration had granted to Barré was saved to the public. Never was there a happier stroke of policy. About treaties, wars, expeditions, tariffs, budgets, there will always be room for dispute. The policy which is applauded by half the nation may be condemned by the other half. But pecuniary disinterestedness everybody comprehends. It is a great thing for a man who has only three hundred a-year to be able to show that he considers three thousand a-year as mere dirt beneath his feet, when compared with the public interest and the public esteem. Pitt had his reward. No minister was ever more rancorously libelled; but even when he was known to be overwhelmed with debt, when millions were passing through his hands, when the wealthiest magnates of the realm were soliciting him for marquises and garters, his

bitterest enemies did not dare to accuse him of touching unlawful gain.

At length the hard-fought fight ended. A final remonstrance, drawn up by Burke with admirable skill, was carried on the 8th of March by a single vote in a full house. Had the experiment been repeated, the supporters of the coalition would probably have been in a minority. But the supplies had been voted; the mutiny bill had been passed; and the parliament was dissolved.

The popular constituent bodies all over the country were in general enthusiastic on the side of the new government. A hundred and sixty of the supporters of the coalition lost their seats. The first lord of the treasury himself came in at the head of the poll for the university of Cambridge. His young friend, Wilberforce, was elected knight of the great shire of York, in opposition to the whole influence of the Fitzwilliams, Cavendishes, Dundasses, and Saviles. In the midst of such triumphs Pitt completed his twenty-fifth year. He was now the greatest subject that England had seen during many generations. He domineered absolutely over the cabinet, and was the favorite at once of the sovereign, of the parliament, and of the nation. His father had never been so powerful, nor Walpole, nor Marlborough.

This narrative has now reached a point, beyond which a full history of the life of Pitt would be a history of England, or rather of the whole civilized world; and for such a history this is not the proper place. Here a very slight sketch must suffice; and in that sketch prominence will be given to such points as may enable a reader who is already acquainted with the general course of events, to form a just notion of the character of the man on whom so much depended.

If we wish to arrive at a correct judgment of Pitt's merits and defects, we must never forget that he belonged to a peculiar class of statesmen, and that he must be tried by a peculiar standard. It is not easy to compare him fairly with such men as Ximenes and Sully, Richelieu and Oxenstiern, John De Witt and Warren Hastings. The means by which those politicians governed great communities were of quite a different kind from those which Pitt was under the necessity of employing. Some talents, which they never had any opportunity of showing that they

possessed, were developed in him to an extraordinary degree. In some qualities, on the other hand, to which they owe a large part of their fame, he was decidedly their inferior. They transacted business in their closets, or at boards where a few confidential councillors sat. It was his lot to be born in an age and in a country in which parliamentary government was completely established; his whole training from infancy was such as fitted him to bear a part in parliamentary government; and from the prime of his manhood to his death, all the powers of his vigorous mind were almost constantly exerted in the work of parliamentary government. He accordingly became the greatest master of the whole art of parliamentary government that has ever existed, a greater than Montague or Walpole, a greater than his father Chatham or his rival Fox, a greater than either of his illustrious successors Canning and Peel.

Parliamentary government, like every other contrivance of man, has its advantages and its disadvantages. On the advantages there is no need to dilate. The history of England during the hundred and seventy years which have elapsed since the House of Commons became the most powerful body in the State, her immense and still growing prosperity, her freedom, her tranquility, her greatness in arts, in sciences, and in arms, her maritime ascendancy, the marvels of her public credit, her American, her African, her Australian, her Asiatic empires sufficiently prove the excellence of her institutions. But those institutions, though excellent, are assuredly not perfect. Parliamentary government is government by speaking. In such a government, the power of speaking is the most highly prized of all the qualities which a politician can possess; and that power may exist, in the highest degree, without judgment, without fortitude, without skill in reading the characters of men or the signs of the times, without any knowledge of the principles of legislation or of political economy, and without any skill in diplomacy or in the administration of war. Nay, it may well happen that those very intellectual qualities which give a peculiar charm to the speeches of a public man, may be incompatible with the qualities which would fit him to meet a pressing emergency with promptitude and firmness. It was thus with Charles Townshend. It was thus with Windham. It was a privilege to listen to those accomplished and ingenious

orators. But in a perilous crisis they would have been found far inferior in all the qualities of rulers to such a man as Oliver Cromwell, who talked nonsense, or as William the Silent, who did not talk at all. When parliamentary government is established, a Charles Townshend or a Windham will almost always exercise much greater influence than such men as the great Protector of England, or as the founder of the Batavian commonwealth. In such a government, parliamentary talent, though quite distinct from the talents of a good executive or judicial officer, will be a chief qualification for executive and judicial office. From the Book of Dignities a curious list might be made out of chancellors ignorant of the principles of equity, and first lords of the admiralty ignorant of the principles of navigation, of colonial ministers who could not repeat the names of the colonies, of lords of the treasury who did not know the difference between funded and unfunded debt, and of secretaries of the India board who did not know whether the Mahrattas were Mahometans or Hindoos. On these grounds, some persons, incapable of seeing more than one side of a question, have pronounced parliamentary government a positive evil, and have maintained that the administration would be greatly improved if the power, now exercised by a large assembly, were transferred to a single person. Men of sense will probably think the remedy very much worse than the disease, and will be of opinion that there would be small gain in exchanging Charles Townshend and Windham for the prince of the peace, or the poor slave and dog Steenie.

Pitt was emphatically the man of parliamentary government, the type of his class, the minion, the child, the spoiled child, of the House of Commons. For the House of Commons he had a hereditary, an infantine love. Through his whole boyhood, the House of Commons was never out of his thoughts, or out of the thoughts of his instructors. Reciting at his father's knee, reading Thucydides and Cicero into English, analyzing the great Attic speeches on the Embassy and on the Crown, he was constantly in training for the conflicts of the House of Commons. He was a distinguished member of the House of Commons at twenty-one. The ability which he had displayed in the House of Commons made him the most powerful subject in Europe before he was twenty-five. It would have been

happy for himself and for his country if his elevation had been deferred. Eight or ten years, during which he would have had leisure and opportunity for reading and reflection, for foreign travel, for social intercourse and free exchange of thought on equal terms with a great variety of companions, would have supplied what, without any fault on his part, was wanting to his powerful intellect. He had all the knowledge that he could be expected to have; that is to say, all the knowledge that a man can acquire while he is a student at Cambridge, and all the knowledge that a man can acquire when he is first lord of the treasury and chancellor of the exchequer. But the stock of general information which he brought from college, extraordinary for a boy, was far inferior to what Fox possessed, and beggarly when compared with the massy, the splendid, the various treasures laid up in the large mind of Burke. After Pitt became minister, he had no leisure to learn more than was necessary for the purposes of the day which was passing over him. What was necessary for those purposes such a man could learn with little difficulty. He was surrounded by experienced and able public servants. He could at any moment command their best assistance. From the stores which they produced, his vigorous mind rapidly collected the materials for a good parliamentary case: and that was enough. Legislation and administration were with him secondary matters. To the work of framing statutes, of negotiating treaties, of organizing fleets and armies, of sending forth expeditions, he gave only the leavings of his time and the dregs of his fine intellect. The strength and sap of his mind were all drawn in a different direction. It was when the House of Commons was to be convinced and persuaded that he put forth all his powers.

Of those powers we must form our estimate chiefly from tradition; for of all the eminent speakers of the last age, Pitt has suffered most from the reporters. Even while he was still living, critics remarked that his eloquence could not be preserved, that he must be heard to be appreciated. They more than once applied to him the sentence in which Tacitus describes the fate of a senator whose rhetoric was admired in the Augustan age: "*Haterii canorum illud et profluens cum ipso simul exstinctum est.*" There is, however, abundant evidence that nature had bestowed on Pitt

the talents of a great orator; and those talents had been developed in a very peculiar manner; first by his education, and secondly by the high official position to which he rose early, and in which he passed the greater part of his public life.

At his first appearance in parliament he showed himself superior to all his contemporaries in command of language. He could pour forth a long succession of round and stately periods, without premeditation, without ever pausing for a word, without ever repeating a word, in a voice of silver clearness, and with a pronunciation so articulate that not a letter was slurred over. He had less amplitude of mind and less richness of imagination than Burke, less ingenuity than Windham, less wit than Sheridan, less perfect mastery of dialectical fence, and less of that highest sort of eloquence which consists of reason and passion fused together, than Fox. Yet the almost unanimous judgment of those who were in the habit of listening to that remarkable race of men, placed Pitt, as a speaker, above Burke, above Windham, above Sheridan, and not below Fox. His declamation was copious, polished, and splendid. In power of sarcasm he was probably not surpassed by any speaker, ancient or modern; and of this formidable weapon he made merciless use. In two parts of the oratorical art which are of the highest value to a minister of state he was singularly expert. No man knew better how to be luminous or how to be obscure. When he wished himself to be understood he never failed to make himself understood. He could with ease present to his audience, not perhaps an exact and profound, but a clear, popular, and plausible view of the most extensive and complicated subject. Nothing was out of place; nothing was forgotten; minute details, dates, sums of money, were all faithfully preserved in his memory. Even intricate questions of finance, when explained by him, seemed clear to the plainest man among his hearers. On the other hand, when he did not wish to be explicit—and no man who is at the head of affairs always wishes to be explicit—he had a marvellous power of saying nothing in language which left on his audience the impression that he had said a great deal. He was at once the only man who could open a budget without notes, and the only man who, as Windham said, could

speak that most elaborately evasive and unmeaning of human compositions, a King's speech, without premeditation.

The effect of oratory will always, to a great extent, depend on the character of the orator. There perhaps never were two speakers whose eloquence had more of what may be called the race, more of the flavor imparted by moral qualities, than Fox and Pitt. The speeches of Fox owe a great part of their charm to that warmth and softness of heart, that sympathy with human suffering, that admiration for every thing great and beautiful, and that hatred of cruelty and injustice, which interest and delight us even in the most defective reports. No person, on the other hand, could hear Pitt without perceiving him to be a man of high, intrepid, and commanding spirit, proudly conscious of his own rectitude and of his own intellectual superiority, incapable of the low vices of fear and envy, but too prone to feel and to show disdain. Pride, indeed, pervaded the whole man, was written in the harsh, rigid lines of his face, was marked by the way in which he walked, in which he sat, in which he stood, and, above all, in which he bowed. Such pride, of course, inflicted many wounds. It may confidently be affirmed that there cannot be found, in all the ten thousand invectives written against Fox, a word indicating that his demeanor had ever made a single personal enemy. On the other hand, several men of note who had been partial to Pitt, and who to the last continued to approve his public conduct and to support his administration, Cumberland, for example, Boswell, and Matthias, were so much irritated by the contempt with which he treated them, that they complained in print of their wrongs. But his pride, though it made him bitterly disliked by individuals, inspired the great body of his followers in parliament and throughout the country with respect and confidence. They took him at his own valuation. They saw that his self-esteem was not that of an upstart, who was drunk with good luck and with applause, and who, if fortune turned, would sink from arrogance into abject humility. It was that of the magnanimous man so finely described by Aristotle in the *Ethics*, of the man who thinks himself worthy of great things, being in truth worthy. It sprang from a consciousness of great powers and great virtues, and was never so conspicuously displayed as in the midst of difficulties and dangers which would

have unnerved and bowed down any ordinary mind. It was closely connected, too, with an ambition which had no mixture of low cupidity. There was something noble in the cynical disdain with which the mighty minister scattered riches and titles to right and left among those who valued them, while he spurned them out of his own way. Poor himself, he was surrounded by friends on whom he had bestowed three thousand, six thousand, ten thousand a-year. Plain Mister himself, he had made more lords than any three ministers that had preceded him. The garter, for which the first dukes in the kingdom were contending, was repeatedly offered to him, and offered in vain.

The correctness of his private life added much to the dignity of his public character. In the relations of son, brother, uncle, master, friend, his conduct was exemplary. In the small circle of his intimate associations, he was amiable, affectionate, even playful. They loved him sincerely; they regretted him long; and they would hardly admit that he who was so kind and gentle with them, could be stern and haughty with others. He indulged, indeed, somewhat too freely in wine, which he had early been directed to take as a medicine, and which use had made a necessary of life to him. But it was very seldom that any indication of undue excess could be detected in his tones or gestures; and, in truth, two bottles of port were little more to him than two dishes of tea. He had, when he was first introduced into the clubs of Saint James' Street, shown a strong taste for play; but he had the prudence and the resolution to stop before this taste had acquired the strength of habit. From the passion which generally exercises the most tyrannical dominion over the young he possessed an immunity, which is probably to be ascribed partly to his temperament, and partly to his situation. His constitution was feeble: he was very shy; and he was very busy. The strictness of his morals furnished such buffoons as Peter Pindar and Captain Morris with an inexhaustible theme for merriment of no very delicate kind. But the great body of the middle class of Englishmen could not see the joke. They warmly praised the young statesman for commanding his passions, and for covering his frailties, if he had frailties, with decorous obscurity, and would have been very far indeed from thinking better of him if he had vindic-



ated himself from the taunts of his enemies by taking under his protection a Nancy Parsons or a Marianne Clark.

No part of the immense popularity which Pitt long enjoyed is to be attributed to the eulogies of wits and poets. It might have been naturally expected that a man of genius, of learning, of taste, an orator whose diction was often compared to that of Tully, the representative, too, of a great university, would have taken a peculiar pleasure in befriending eminent writers, to whatever political party they might have belonged. The love of literature had induced Augustus to heap benefits on Pompeians, Somers to be the protector of nonjurors, Harley to make the fortunes of Whigs. But it could not move Pitt to show any favor even to Pittites. He was doubtless right in thinking that, in general, poetry, history, and philosophy ought to be suffered, like calico and cutlery, to find their proper price in the market, and that to teach men of letters to look habitually to the state for their recompense, is bad for the state and bad for letters. Assuredly nothing can be more absurd or mischievous than to waste the public money in bounties, for the purpose of inducing people who ought to be weighing out grocery or measuring out drapery, to write bad or middling books. But, though the sound rule is that authors should be left to be remunerated by their readers, there will, in every generation, be a few exceptions to this rule. To distinguish these special cases from the masses, is an employment well worthy of the faculties of a great and accomplished ruler; and Pitt would assuredly have had little difficulty in finding such cases. While he was in power, the greatest philologist of the age, his own contemporary at Cambridge, was reduced to earn a livelihood by the lowest literary drudgery, and to spend in writing squibs for the *Morning Chronicle* years to which we might have owed an all but perfect text of the whole tragic and comic drama of Athens. The greatest historian of the age forced by poverty to leave his country, completed his immortal work on the shores of Lake Leman. The political heterodoxy of Porson, and the religious heterodoxy of Gibbon, may perhaps be pleaded in defence of the minister by whom those eminent men were neglected. But there were other cases in which no such excuse could be set up. Scarcely had Pitt obtained possession of un-

bounded power, when an aged writer of the highest eminence, who had made very little by his writings, and who was sinking into the grave under a load of infirmities and sorrows, wanted five or six hundred pounds to enable him, during the winter or two which might still remain to him, to draw his breath more easily in the soft climate of Italy. Not a farthing was to be obtained; and before Christmas the author of the *English Dictionary* and of the lives of the poets, had gasped his last in the river fog and coal smoke of Fleet Street. A few months after the death of Johnson appeared the *Task*, incomparably the best poem that any Englishman then living had produced—a poem, too, which could hardly fail to excite in a well-constituted mind, a feeling of esteem and compassion for the poet, a man of genius, and virtue, whose means were scanty, and whom the most cruel of all the calamities incident to humanity had made incapable of supporting himself by vigorous and sustained exertion. Nowhere had Chatham been praised with more enthusiasm, or in verse more worthy of the subject, than in the *Task*. The son of Chatham, however, contented himself with reading and admiring the book, and left the author to starve. The pension which, long after, enabled poor Cowper to close his melancholy life, unmolested by duns and bailiffs, was obtained for him by the strenuous kindness of Lord Spencer. What a contrast between the way in which Pitt acted towards Johnson, and the way in which Lord Grey acted towards his political enemy Scott, when Scott, worn out by misfortune and disease, was advised to try the effect of the Italian air! What a contrast between the way in which Pitt acted towards Cowper, and the way in which Burke, a poor man and out of place, acted towards Crabbe! Even Dundas, who made no pretensions to literary taste, and was content to be considered as a hard-headed and somewhat coarse man of business, was, when compared with his eloquent and classically educated friend, a Mæcenas or a Leo. Dundas made Burns an exciseman, with seventy pounds a year; and this was more than Pitt, during his long tenure of power, did for the encouragement of letters. Even those who may think that it is, in general, no part of the duty of a government to reward literary merit, will hardly deny that a government, which has much lucrative church preferment in its gift,

is bound, in distributing that preferment, not to overlook divines whose writings have rendered great service to the cause of religion. But it seems never to have occurred to Pitt that he lay under any such obligation. All the theological works of the numerous bishops whom he made and translated are not, when put together, worth fifty pages of the *Horæ Paulinæ*, of the *Natural Theology*, or of the *Views of the Evidences of Christianity*. But on Paley the all-powerful minister never bestowed the smallest benefice. Artists Pitt treated as contemptuously as writers. For painting he did simply nothing. Sculptors, who had been selected to execute monuments voted by parliament, had to haunt the ante-chambers of the treasury during many years before they could obtain a farthing from him. One of them, after vainly soliciting the minister for payment during fourteen years, had the courage to present a memorial to the King, and thus obtained tardy and ungracious justice. Architects it was absolutely necessary to employ; and the worst that could be found seemed to have been employed. Not a single fine public building of any kind or in any style was erected during his long administration. It may be confidently affirmed that no ruler whose abilities and attainments would bear any comparison with his has ever shown such cold disdain for what is excellent in arts and letters.

His first administration lasted seventeen years. That long period is divided by a strongly marked line into two almost exactly equal parts. The first part ended and the second began in the autumn of 1792. Throughout both parts Pitt displayed in the highest degree the talents of a parliamentary leader. During the first part he was a fortunate, and, in many respects, a skilful administrator. With the difficulties which he had to encounter during the second part he was altogether incapable of contending: but his eloquence and his perfect mastery of the tactics of the House of Commons concealed his incapacity from the multitude.

The eight years which followed the general election of 1784 were as tranquil and prosperous as any eight years in the whole history of England. Neighboring nations which had lately been in arms against her, and which had flattered themselves that, in losing her American colonies, she had lost a chief source of her wealth and of her power, saw, with

wonder and vexation, that she was more wealthy and more powerful than ever. Her trade increased. Her manufactures flourished. Her exchequer was full to overflowing. Very idle apprehensions were generally entertained that the public debt, though much less than a third of the debt which we now bear with ease, would be found too heavy for the strength of the nation. Those apprehensions might not perhaps have been easily quieted by reason. But Pitt quieted them by a juggle. He succeeded in persuading first himself, and then the whole nation, his opponents included, that a new sinking fund, which, so far as it differed from former sinking funds, differed for the worst, would, by virtue of some mysterious power of propagation belonging to money, put into the pocket of the public creditor great sums not taken out of the pocket of the taxpayer. The country, terrified by a danger which was no danger, hailed with delight and boundless confidence a remedy which was no remedy. The minister was almost universally extolled as the greatest of financiers. Meanwhile both the branches of the House of Bourbon found that England was as formidable an antagonist as she had ever been. France had formed a plan for reducing Holland to vassalage. But England interposed, and France receded. Spain interrupted by violence the trade of our merchants with the regions near the Oregon. But England armed, and Spain receded. Within the island there was profound tranquility. The King was, for the first time, popular. During the twenty-three years which had followed his accession he had not been loved by his subjects. His domestic virtues were acknowledged. But it was generally thought that the good qualities by which he was distinguished in private life were wanting to his political character. As a sovereign, he was resentful, unforgiving, stubborn, cunning. Under his rule the country had sustained cruel disgraces and disasters; and every one of those disgraces and disasters was imputed to his strong antipathies, and to his perverse obstinacy in the wrong. One statesman after another complained that he had been induced by royal caresses, entreaties, and promises, to undertake the direction of affairs at a difficult conjuncture, and that, as soon as he had, not without sullyng his fame and alienating his best friends, served the turn for which he was wanted, his ungrateful master began to intrigue against him, and to can-



was against him. Grenville, Rockingham, Chatham, men of widely different characters but all three upright and high-spirited, agreed in thinking that the Prince under whom they had successively held the highest place in the government, was one of the most insincere of mankind. His confidence was reposed, they said, not in those known and responsible counsellors to whom he had delivered the seals of office, but in secret advisers who stole up the back stairs into his closet. In parliament, his ministers, while defending themselves against the attacks of the opposition in front, were perpetually, at his instigation, assailed on the flank or in the rear by a vile band of mercenaries who called themselves his friends. These men, constantly, while in possession of lucrative places in his service, spoke and voted against bills which he had authorized the first lord of the treasury or the secretary of state to bring in. But from the day in which Pitt was placed at the head of affairs there was an end of secret influence. His haughty and aspiring spirit was not to be satisfied with the mere show of power. Any attempt to undermine him at court, any mutinous movement among his followers in the House of Commons, was certain to be at once put down. He had only to tender his resignation; and he could dictate his own terms. For he, and he alone, stood between the King and the coalition. He was therefore little less than mayor of the palace. The nation loudly applauded the King for having the wisdom to repose entire confidence in so excellent a minister. His Majesty's private virtues now began to produce their full effect. He was generally regarded as the model of a respectable country gentleman, honest, good-natured, sober, religious. He rose early: he dined temperately: he was strictly faithful to his wife: he never missed church: and at church he never missed a response. His people heartily prayed that he might long reign over them; and they prayed the more heartily, because his virtues were set off to the best advantage by the vices and follies of the Prince of Wales, who lived in close intimacy with the chiefs of the opposition.

How strong this feeling was in the public mind, appeared signally on one great occasion. In the autumn of 1788 the King became insane. The opposition, eager for office, committed the great indiscretion of asserting that the heir apparent had, by the fundamental

laws of England, a right to be Regent with the full powers of royalty. Pitt, on the other hand, maintained it to be the constitutional doctrine that, when a sovereign is, by reason of infancy, disease, or absence, incapable of exercising the royal functions, it belongs to the estates of the realm to determine who shall be the vicegerent, and with what portion of the executive authority such vicegerent shall be intrusted. A long and violent contest followed, in which Pitt was supported by the great body of the people with as much enthusiasm as during the first months of his administration. Tories with one voice applauded him for defending the sick-bed of a virtuous and unhappy sovereign against a disloyal faction and an undutiful son. Not a few Whigs applauded him for asserting the authority of parliaments and the principles of the revolution, in opposition to a doctrine which seemed to have too much affinity with the servile theory of indefeasible hereditary right. The middle class, always zealous on the side of decency and the domestic virtues, looked forward with dismay to a reign resembling that of Charles II. The palace, which had now been, during thirty years, the pattern of an English home, would be a public nuisance, a school of profligacy. To the good King's repast of mutton and lemonade, dispatched at three o'clock, would succeed midnight banquets, from which the guests would be carried home speechless. To the backgammon board at which the good King played for a little silver with his equerries, would succeed faro tables, from which young patricians who had sat down rich would rise up beggars. The drawing-room, from which the frown of the Queen had repelled a whole generation of frail beauties, would now be again what it had been in the days of Barbara Palmer and Louisa de Querouaille. Nay, severely as the public reprobated the Prince's many illicit attachments, his one virtuous attachment was reprobated more severely still. Even in grave and pious circles his Protestant mistresses gave less scandal than his Popish wife. That he must be Regent nobody ventured to deny. But he and his friends were so unpopular that Pitt could, with general approbation, propose to limit the powers of the Regent by restrictions to which it would have been impossible to subject a prince beloved and trusted by the country. Some interested men, fully expecting a change of administration, went over to

the opposition. But the majority, purified by these desertions, closed its ranks, and presented a more firm array than ever to the enemy. In every division Pitt was victorious. When at length, after a stormy interregnum of three months, it was announced, on the very eve of the inauguration of the Regent, that the King was himself again, the nation was wild with delight. On the evening of the day on which his Majesty resumed his functions, a spontaneous illumination, the most general that had ever been seen in England, brightened the whole vast space from Highgate to Tooting, and from Hammersmith to Greenwich. On the day on which he returned thanks in the cathedral of his capital, all the horses and carriages within a hundred miles of London were too few for the multitudes which flocked to see him pass through the streets. A second illumination followed, which was even superior to the first in magnificence. Pitt with difficulty escaped from the tumultuous kindness of an innumerable multitude, which insisted on drawing his coach from St. Paul's churchyard to Downing Street. This was the moment at which his fame and fortune may be said to have reached the zenith. His influence in the closet was as great as that of Carr or Villiers had been. His dominion over the parliament was more absolute than that of Walpole or Pelham had been. He was at the same time as high in the favor of the populace as ever Wilkes or Sacheverell had been. Nothing did more to raise his character than his noble poverty. It was well known that, if he had been dismissed from office after more than five years of boundless power, he would hardly have carried out with him a sum sufficient to furnish the set of chambers in which, he cheerfully declared, he meant to resume the practice of the law. His admirers, however, were by no means disposed to suffer him to depend on daily toil for his daily bread. The voluntary contributions which were awaiting his acceptance in the city of London alone would have sufficed to make him a rich man. But it may be doubted whether his haughty spirit would have stooped to accept a provision so honorably earned and so honorably bestowed.

To such a height of power and glory had this extraordinary man risen at twenty-nine years of age. And now the tide was on the turn. Only ten days after the triumphant procession to St. Paul's, the States-General

of France, after an interval of a hundred and seventy-four years, met at Versailles.

The nature of the great Revolution which followed was long very imperfectly understood in this country. Burke saw much further than any of his contemporaries; but whatever his sagacity deserved was refracted and discolored by his passions and his imagination. More than three years elapsed before the principles of the English administration underwent any material change. Nothing could as yet be milder or more strictly constitutional than the minister's domestic policy. Not a single act indicating an arbitrary temper or a jealousy of the people could be imputed to him. He had never applied to parliament for any extraordinary powers. He had never used with harshness the ordinary powers intrusted by the constitution to the executive government. Not a single state prosecution which would even now be called oppressive had been instituted by him. Indeed, the only oppressive state prosecution instituted during the first eight years of his administration was that of Stockdale, which is to be attributed, not to the government, but to the chiefs of the opposition. In office, Pitt had redeemed the pledges which he had, at his entrance into public life, given to the supporters of parliamentary reform. He had, in 1785, brought forward a judicious plan for the improvement of the representative system, and had prevailed on the King, not only to refrain from talking against that plan, but to recommend it to the houses in a speech from the throne.\* This attempt failed: but there can be little doubt that, if the French Revolution had not produced a violent reaction of public feeling, Pitt would have performed, with little difficulty and no danger, that great work, which at a later period, Lord Grey could accomplish only by means which for a time loosened the very foundations of the commonwealth. When the atrocities of the slave trade were first brought under the consideration of parliament, no abolitionist was more zealous than Pitt. When sickness prevented Wilberforce from appearing in public, his place was most efficiently supplied by his friend the minister. A humane bill, which

\* The speech with which the King opened the session of 1785 concluded with an assurance, that His Majesty would heartily concur in every measure which could tend to secure the true principles of the constitution. These words were at the time understood to refer to Pitt's Reform Bill.

mitigated the horrors of the middle passage, was, in 1778, carried by the eloquence and determined spirit of Pitt, in spite of the opposition of some of his own colleagues; and it ought always to be remembered to his honor that, in order to carry that bill, he kept the houses sitting, in spite of many murmurs, long after the business of the government had been done, and the appropriation act passed. In 1791 he cordially concurred with Fox in maintaining the sound constitutional doctrine, that an impeachment is not terminated by a dissolution. In the course of the same year the two great rivals contended side by side in a far more important cause. They are fairly entitled to divide the high honor of having added to our statute-book the inestimable law which places the liberty of the press under the protection of juries. On one occasion, and one alone, Pitt, during the first half of his long administration, acted in a manner unworthy of an enlightened Whig. In the debate on the test act, he stooped to gratify the master whom he served, the university which he represented, and the great body of clergymen and country gentlemen on whose support he rested, by talking, with little heartiness, indeed, and with no asperity, the language of a Tory. With this single exception, his conduct from the end of 1783 to the middle of 1792 was that of an honest friend of civil and religious liberty.

Nor did any thing during that period indicate that he loved war, or harbored any malevolent feeling against any neighboring nation. Those French writers who have represented him as a Hannibal sworn in childhood by his father to bear eternal hatred to France, as having, by mysterious intrigues and lavish bribes, instigated the leading Jacobins to commit those excesses which dishonored the Revolution, as having been the real author of the first coalition, know nothing of his character or of his history. So far was he from being a deadly enemy to France, that his laudable attempts to bring about a closer connection with that country by means of a wise and liberal treaty of commerce, brought on him the severe censure of the opposition. He was told in the House of Commons that he was a degenerate son, and that his partiality for the hereditary foes of our island was enough to make his great father's bones stir under the pavement of the Abbey.

And this man, whose name, if he had been so fortunate as to die in 1792, would now have been associated with peace, with freedom, with philanthropy, with temperate reform, with mild and constitutional administration, lived to associate his name with arbitrary government, with harsh laws harshly executed, with alien bills, with gagging bills, with suspensions of the habeas corpus act, with cruel punishments inflicted on some political agitators, with unjustifiable prosecutions instituted against others, and with the most costly and most sanguinary wars of modern times. He lived to be held up to obloquy as the stern oppressor of England, and the indefatigable disturber of Europe. Poets, contrasting his earlier with his later years, likened him sometimes to the apostle who kissed in order to betray, and sometimes to the evil angels who kept not their first estate. A satirist of great genius introduced the fiends of Famine, Slaughter, and Fire, proclaiming that they had received their commission from One whose name was formed of four letters, and promising to give their employer ample proofs of gratitude. Famine would gnaw the multitude till they should rise up against him in madness. The demon of Slaughter would impel them to tear him from limb to limb. But Fire boasted that she alone could reward him as he deserved, and that she would cling round him to all eternity. By the French press and the French tribune every crime that disgraced and every calamity that afflicted France was ascribed to the monster Pitt and his guineas. While the Jacobins were dominant, it was he who had corrupted the Gironde, who had raised Lyons and Bordeaux against the convention, who had suborned Paris to assassinate Lepelletier, and Cecilia Regnault to assassinate Robespierre. When the Thermidorian reaction came, all the atrocities of the Reign of Terror were imputed to him. Collot D'Herbois and Fouché Therville had been his pensioners. It was he who had hired the murderers of September, who had dictated the pamphlets of Marat and the Carmagnoles of Barrere, who had paid Lebon to deluge Arras with blood, and Carrier to choke the Loire with corpses.

The truth is, that he liked neither war nor arbitrary government. He was a lover of peace and freedom, driven, by a stress against which it was hardly possible for any will or any intellect to struggle, out of the course to

which his inclinations pointed, and for which his abilities and acquirements fitted him, and forced into a policy repugnant to his feelings and unsuited to his talents.

The charge of apostasy is grossly unjust. A man ought no more to be called an apostate because his opinions alter with the opinions of the great body of his contemporaries, than he ought to be called an oriental traveller because he is always going round from west to east with the globe and every thing that is upon it. Between the spring of 1789 and the close of 1792, the public mind of England underwent a great change. If the change of Pitt's sentiments attracted peculiar notice, it was not because he changed more than his neighbors; for in fact he changed less than most of them; but because his position was far more conspicuous than theirs, because he was, till Bonaparte appeared, the individual who filled the greatest space in the eyes of the inhabitants of the civilized world. During a short time the nation, and Pitt, as one of the nation, looked with interest and approbation on the French Revolution. But soon vast confiscations, the violent sweeping away of ancient institutions, the domination of clubs, the barbarities of mobs maddened by famine and hatred, produced a reaction here. The court, the nobility, the gentry, the clergy, the manufacturers, the merchants; in short, nineteenth-twentieths of those who had good roofs over their heads and good coats on their backs, became eager and intolerant Antijacobins. This feeling was at least as strong among the minister's adversaries as among his supporters. Fox in vain attempted to restrain his followers. All his genius, all his vast personal influence, could not prevent them from rising up against him in general mutiny. Burke set the example of revolt; and Burke was in no long time joined by Portland, Spencer, Fitzwilliam, Loughborough, Carlisle, Malmesbury, Windham, Elliot. In the House of Commons, the followers of the great Whig statesman and orator diminished from about a hundred and sixty to fifty. In the House of Lords he had but ten or twelve adherents left. There can be no doubt that there would have been a similar mutiny on the ministerial benches, if Pitt had obstinately resisted the general wish. Pressed at once by his master and by his colleagues, by old friends, and by old opponents, he abandoned, slowly and reluctantly, the policy which was dear to his

heart. He labored hard to avert the European war. When the European war broke out, he still flattered himself that it would not be necessary for this country to take either side. In the spring of 1792, he congratulated parliament on the prospect of long and profound peace, and proved his sincerity by proposing large remissions of taxation. Down to the end of that year he continued to cherish the hope that England might be able to preserve neutrality. But the passions which raged on both sides of the Channel were not to be restrained. The republicans who ruled France were inflamed by a fanaticism resembling that of the Mussulmans, who, with the Koran in one hand and the sword in the other, went forth, conquering and converting, eastward to the Bay of Bengal, and westward to the Pillars of Hercules. The higher and middle classes of England were animated by a zeal not less fiery than that of the Crusaders who raised the cry of *Deus vult* at Clermont. The impulse which drove the two nations to a collision was not to be arrested by the abilities or by the authority of any single man. As Pitt was in front of his fellows, and towered high above them, he seemed to lead them. But in fact he was violently pushed on by them, and, had he held back a little more than he did, would have been thrust out of their way or trampled under their feet.

He yielded to the current: and from that day his misfortunes began. The truth is, that there were only two consistent courses before him. Since he did not choose to oppose himself, side by side with Fox, to the public feeling, he should have taken the advice of Burke, and should have availed himself of that feeling to the full extent. If it was impossible to preserve peace, he should have adopted the only policy which could lead to victory. He should have proclaimed a Holy War for religion, morality, property, order, public law, and should have thus opposed to the Jacobins an energy equal to their own. Unhappily he tried to find a middle path; and he found one which united all that was worst in both extremes. He went to war: but he would not understand the peculiar character of that war. He was obstinately blind to the plain fact, that he was contending against a state which was also a sect; and that the new quarrel between England and France, was of quite a different kind from the old quarrels about colonies in America and



fortresses in the Netherlands. He had to combat frantic enthusiasm, boundless ambition, restless activity, the wildest and most audacious spirit of innovation; and he acted as if he had to deal with the harlots and fops of the old court at Versailles, with Madame de Pompadour and the Abbé de Bernis. It was pitiable to hear him, year after year, proving to an admiring audience that the wicked republic was exhausted, that she could not hold out, that her credit was gone, that her assignats were not worth more than the paper of which they were made; as if credit was necessary to a government of which the principle was rapine, as if Alboin could not turn Italy into a desert till he had negotiated a loan at five per cent, as if the exchequer bills of Attila had been at par. It was impossible that a man who so completely mistook the nature of a contest could carry on that contest successfully. Great as Pitt's abilities were, his military administration was that of a driveller. He was at the head of a nation engaged in a struggle for life and death, of a nation eminently distinguished by all the physical and all the moral qualities which make excellent soldiers. The resources at his command were unlimited. The parliament was even more ready to grant him men and money than he was to ask for them. In such an emergency, and with such means, such a statesman as Richelieu, as Louvois, as Chatham, as Wellesley, would have created in a few months one of the finest armies in the world, and would soon have discovered and brought forward generals worthy to command such an army. Germany might have been saved by another Blenheim; Flanders recovered by another Ramilies; another Poitiers might have delivered the Royalist and Catholic provinces of France from a yoke which they abhorred, and might have spread terror even to the barriers of Paris. But the fact is, that, after eight years of war, after a vast destruction of life, after an expenditure of wealth far exceeding the expenditure of the American war, of the Seven Years' War, of the war of the Austrian Succession, and of the war of the Spanish Succession united, the English army, under Pitt, was the laughing-stock of all Europe. It could not boast of one single brilliant exploit. It had never shown itself on the continent but to be beaten, chased, forced to re-embark, or forced to capitulate. To take some sugar island in the

West Indies, to scatter some mob of half-naked Irish peasants, such were the most splendid victories won by the British troops under Pitt's auspices.

The English navy no mismanagement could ruin. But during a long period whatever mismanagement could do was done. The Earl of Chatham, without a single qualification for high public trust, was made, by fraternal partiality, first lord of the admiralty, and was kept in that great post during two years of a war in which the very existence of the state depended on the efficiency of the fleet. He continued to doze away and trifle away the time which ought to have been devoted to the public service, till the whole mercantile body, though generally disposed to support the government, complained bitterly that our flag gave no protection to our trade. Fortunately he was succeeded by George Earl Spencer, one of those chiefs of the Whig party who, in the great schism caused by the French Revolution, had followed Burke. Lord Spencer, though inferior to many of his colleagues as an orator, was decidedly the best administrator among them. To him it was owing that a long and gloomy succession of days of fasting, and, most emphatically, of humiliation, was interrupted, twice in the short space of eleven months, by days of thanksgiving for great victories.

It may seem paradoxical to say that the incapacity which Pitt showed in all that related to the conduct of the war is, in some sense, the most decisive proof that he was a man of very extraordinary abilities. Yet this is the simple truth. For assuredly one-tenth part of his errors and disasters would have been fatal to the power and influence of any minister who had not possessed, in the highest degree, the talents of a parliamentary leader. But while his schemes were confounded, while his predictions were falsified, while the coalitions which he had labored to form were falling to pieces, while the expeditions which he had sent forth at enormous cost were ending in rout and disgrace, while the enemy against whom he was feebly contending was subjugating Flanders and Brabant, the electorate of Mentz and the electorate of Treves, Holland, Piedmont, Liguria, Lombardy, his authority over the House of Commons was constantly becoming more and more absolute. There was his empire. There were his victories, his Lodi and his Arcola,

his Rivoli and his Marengo. If some great misfortune, a pitched battle lost by the allies, the annexation of a new department to the French republic, a sanguinary insurrection in Ireland, a mutiny in the fleet, a panic in the city, a run on the bank, had spread dismay through the ranks of his majority, that dismay lasted only till he rose from the treasury bench, drew up his haughty head, stretched his arm with commanding gesture, and poured forth, in deep and sonorous tones, the lofty language of inextinguishable hope and inflexible resolution. Thus, through a long and calamitous period, every disaster that happened without the walls of parliament was regularly followed by a triumph within them. At length he had no longer an opposition to encounter. Of the great party which had contended against him during the first eight years of his administration, more than one half now marched under his standard, with his old competitor the Duke of Portland at their head; and the rest had, after many vain struggles, quitted the field in despair. Fox had retired to the shades of St. Anne's Hill, and had there found, in the society of friends whom no vicissitude could estrange from him, of a woman whom he tenderly loved, and of the illustrious dead of Athens, of Rome, and of Florence, ample compensation for all the misfortunes of his public life. Session followed session with scarcely a single division. In the eventful year 1799, the largest minority that could be mustered against the government was twenty-five.

In Pitt's domestic policy there was at this time assuredly no want of vigor. While he offered to French Jacobinism a resistance so feeble that it only encouraged the evil which he wished to suppress, he put down English Jacobinism with a strong hand. The *habeas corpus* act was repeatedly suspended. Public meetings were placed under severe restraints. The government obtained from parliament power to send out of the country aliens who were suspected of evil designs; and that power was not suffered to be idle. Writers who propounded doctrines adverse to monarchy and aristocracy, were proscribed and punished without mercy. It was hardly safe for a republican to avow his political creed over his beefsteak and his bottle of port at a chop-house. The old laws of Scotland against sedition, laws which were considered by Englishmen as barbarous, and which a succession

of governments had suffered to rust, were now furbished up and sharpened anew. Men of cultivated minds and polished manners were, for offences which at Westminster would have been treated as mere misdemeanors, sent to herd with felons at Botany Bay. Some reformers, whose opinions were extravagant, and whose language was intemperate, but who had never dreamed of subverting the government by physical force, were indicted for high treason, and were saved from the gallows only by the righteous verdicts of juries. This severity was at the time loudly applauded by alarmists whom fear had made cruel, but will be seen in a very different light by posterity. The truth is, that the Englishmen who wished for a revolution were, even in number, not formidable, and, in every thing but number, a faction utterly contemptible, without arms, or funds, or plans, or organization, or leader. There can be no doubt that Pitt, strong as he was in the support of the great body of the nation, might easily have repressed the turbulence of the discontented minority by firmly yet temperately enforcing the ordinary law. Whatever vigor he showed during this unfortunate part of his life, was vigor out of place and season. He was all feebleness and languor in his conflict with the foreign enemy who was really to be dreaded, and reserved all his energy and resolution for the domestic enemy, who might safely have been despised.

One part only of Pitt's conduct during the last eight years of the eighteenth century deserves high praise. He was the first English minister who formed great designs for the benefit of Ireland. The manner in which the Roman Catholic population of that unfortunate country had been kept down during many generations seemed to him unjust and cruel; and it was scarcely possible for a man of his abilities not to perceive that, in a contest against the Jacobins, the Roman Catholics were his natural allies. Had he been able to do all that he wished, it is probable that a wise and liberal policy would have averted the rebellion of 1798. But the difficulties which he encountered were great, perhaps insurmountable; and the Roman Catholics were, rather by his misfortune than by his fault, thrown into the hands of the Jacobins. There was a third great rising of the Irishry against the Englishry, a rising not less formidable than the risings of 1641 and 1689.



The Englishry remained victorious; and it was necessary for Pitt, as it had been necessary for Oliver Cromwell and William of Orange before him, to consider how the victory should be used. It is only just to his memory to say that he formed a scheme of policy, so grand and so simple, so righteous and so humane, that it would alone entitle him to a high place among statesmen. He determined to make Ireland one kingdom with England, and, at the same time, to relieve the Roman Catholic laity from civil disabilities, and to grant a public maintenance to the Roman Catholic clergy. Had he been able to carry these noble designs into effect, the Union would have been a Union indeed. It would have been inseparably associated in the minds of the great majority of Irishmen with civil and religious freedom; and the old parliament in College Green would have been regretted only by a small knot of discarded jobbers and oppressors, and would have been remembered by the body of the nation with the loathing and contempt due to the most tyrannical and the most corrupt assembly, that had ever sat in Europe. But Pitt could execute only one-half of what he had projected. He succeeded in obtaining the consent of the Parliaments of both kingdoms to the Union: but that reconciliation of races and sects, without which the Union could exist only in name, was not accomplished. He was well aware that he was likely to find difficulties in the closet. But he flattered himself that, by cautious and dexterous management, those difficulties might be overcome. Unhappily, there were traitors and sycophants in high place, who did not suffer him to take his own time and his own way, but prematurely disclosed his scheme to the King, and disclosed it in the manner most likely to irritate and alarm a weak and diseased mind. His Majesty absurdly imagined that his coronation oath bound him to refuse his assent to any bill for relieving Roman Catholics from civil disabilities. To argue with him was impossible. Dundas tried to explain the matter, but was told to keep his Scotch metaphysics to himself. Pitt, and Pitt's ablest colleagues, resigned their offices. It was necessary that the King should make a new arrangement. But by this time his anger and distress had brought back the malady which had, many years before, incapacitated him for the discharge of his functions. He

actually assembled his family, read the Coronation oath to them, and told them that, if he broke it, the Crown would immediately pass to the House of Savoy. It was not until after an interregnum of several weeks that he regained the full use of his small faculties, and that a ministry after his own heart was at length formed.

The materials out of which he had to construct a government were neither solid nor splendid. To that party, weak in numbers, but strong in every kind of talent, which was hostile to the domestic and foreign policy of his late advisers, he could not have recourse. For that party, while it differed from his late advisers on every point on which they had been honored with his approbation, cordially agreed with them as to the single matter which had brought on them his displeasure. All that was left to him was to call up the rear rank of the old ministry to form the front rank of a new ministry. In an age preeminently fruitful of parliamentary talents, a cabinet was formed containing hardly a single man who, in parliamentary talents, could be considered as even of the second rate. The most important offices in the state were bestowed on decorous and laborious mediocrity. Henry Addington was at the head of the treasury. He had been an early, indeed a hereditary friend of Pitt, and had by Pitt's influence been placed, while still a young man, in the chair of the House of Commons. He was universally admitted to have been the best speaker that had sat in that chair since the retirement of Onslow. But nature had not bestowed on him very vigorous faculties; and the highly respectable situation which he had long occupied with honor, had rather unfitted than fitted him for the discharge of his new duties. His business had been to bear himself evenly between contending factions. He had taken no part in the war of words; and he had always been addressed with marked deference by the great orators who thundered against each other from his right and from his left. It was not strange that when, for the first time, he had to encounter keen and vigorous antagonists, who dealt hard blows without the smallest ceremony, he should have been awkward and unready, or that the air of dignity and authority which he had acquired in his former post, and of which he had not divested himself, should have made his helplessness laughable and pitiable. Nevertheless,

during many months, his power seemed to stand firm. He was a favorite with the King, whom he resembled in narrowness of mind, and to whom he was more obsequious than Pitt had ever been. The nation was put into high good humor by a peace with France. The enthusiasm with which the upper and middle classes had rushed into the war had spent itself. Jacobinism was no longer formidable. Everywhere there was a strong reaction against what was called the atheistical and anarchical philosophy of the eighteenth century. Bonaparte, now First Consul, was busy in constructing out of the ruins of old institutions a new ecclesiastical establishment and a new order of knighthood. That nothing less than the dominion of the whole civilized world would satisfy his selfish ambition was not yet suspected; nor did even wise men see any reason to doubt that he might be as safe a neighbor as any prince of the House of Bourbon had been. The treaty of Amiens was therefore hailed by the great body of the English people with extravagant joy. The popularity of the minister was for the moment immense. His want of parliamentary ability was, as yet, of little consequence; for he had scarcely any adversary to encounter. The old opposition, delighted by the peace, regarded him with favor. A new opposition had indeed been formed by some of the late ministers, and was led by Grenville in the House of Lords, and by Windham in the House of Commons. But the new opposition could scarcely muster ten votes, and was regarded with no favor by the country. On Pitt the ministers relied as on their firmest support. He had not, like some of his colleagues, retired in anger. He had expressed the greatest respect for the conscientious scruple which had taken possession of the royal mind; and he had promised his successors all the help in his power. In private his advice was at their service. In parliament he took his seat on the bench behind them; and, in more than one debate, defended them with powers far superior to their own. The King perfectly understood the value of such assistance. On one occasion, at the palace, he took the old minister and the new minister aside. "If we three," he said, "keep together, all will go well."

But it was hardly possible, human nature being what it is, and, more especially, Pitt and Addington being what they were, that

this union should be durable. Pitt, conscious of superior powers, imagined that the place which he had quitted was now occupied by a mere puppet which he had set up, which he was to govern while he suffered it to remain, and which he was to fling aside as soon as he wished to resume his old position. Nor was it long before he began to pine for the power which he had relinquished. He had been so early raised to supreme authority in the State, and had enjoyed that authority so long, that it had become necessary to him. In retirement his days passed heavily. He could not, like Fox, forget the pleasures and cares of ambition in the company of Euripides or Herodotus. Pride restrained him from intimating, even to his dearest friends, that he wished to be again minister. But he thought it strange, almost ungrateful, that his wish had not been divined, that it had not been anticipated, by one whom he regarded as his deputy.

Addington, on the other hand, was by no means inclined to descend from his high position. He was, indeed, under a delusion much resembling that of Abon Hassan in the Arabian tale. His brain was turned by his short and unreal caliphate. He took his elevation quite seriously, attributed it to his own merit, and considered himself as one of the great triumvirate of English statesmen, as worthy to make a third with Pitt and Fox.

Such being the feelings of the late minister and of the present minister, a rupture was inevitable; and there was no want of persons bent on making that rupture speedy and violent. Some of these persons wounded Addington's pride by representing him as a lackey, sent to keep a place on the treasury bench till his master should find it convenient to come. Others took every opportunity of praising him at Pitt's expense. Pitt had waged a long, a bloody, a costly, an unsuccessful war. Addington had made peace. Pitt had suspended the constitutional liberties of Englishmen. Under Addington those liberties were again enjoyed. Pitt had wasted the public resources. Addington was carefully nursing them. It was sometimes but too evident that these compliments were not unpleasing to Addington. Pitt became cold and reserved. During many months he remained at a distance from London. Meanwhile his most intimate friends, in spite of his declarations that he made no complaint, and

that he had no wish for office, exerted themselves to effect a change of ministry. His favorite disciple, George Canning, young, ardent, ambitious, with great powers and great virtues, but with a temper too restless and a wit too satirical for his own happiness, was indefatigable. He spoke; he wrote; he intrigued; he tried to induce a large number of the supporters of the government to sign a round robin desiring a change; he made game of Addington and of Addington's relations in a succession of lively pasquinades. The minister's partisans retorted with equal acrimony, if not with equal vivacity. Pitt could keep out of the affray only by keeping out of politics altogether; and this it soon became impossible for him to do. Had Napoleon, content with the first place among the sovereigns of the Continent, and with a military reputation surpassing that of Marlborough or of Turenne, devoted himself to the noble task of making France happy by mild administration and wise legislation, our country might have long continued to tolerate a government of fair intentions and feeble abilities. Unhappily, the treaty of Amiens had scarcely been signed, when the restless ambition and the insupportable insolence of the First Consul convinced the great body of the English people that the peace so eagerly welcomed, was only a precarious armistice. As it became clearer and clearer that a war for the dignity, the independence, the very existence of the nation was at hand, men looked with increasing uneasiness on the weak and languid cabinet, which would have to contend against an enemy who united more than the power of Lewis the Great to more than the genius of Frederick the Great. It is true that Addington might easily have been a better war minister than Pitt, and could not possibly have been a worse. But Pitt had cast a spell on the public mind. The eloquence, the judgment, the calm and disdainful firmness which he had, during many years, displayed in parliament, deluded the world into the belief that he must be eminently qualified to superintend every department of politics; and they imagined, even after the miserable failures of Dunkirk, of Quiberon, and of the Helder, that he was the only statesman who could cope with Bonaparte. This feeling was nowhere stronger than among Addington's own colleagues. The pressure put on him was so strong, that he could not help yielding to it:

yet, even in yielding, he showed how far he was from knowing his own place. His first proposition was, that some insignificant nobleman should be first lord of the treasury and nominal head of the administration, and that the real power should be divided between Pitt and himself, who were to be secretaries of state. Pitt, as might have been expected, refused even to discuss such a scheme, and talked of it with bitter mirth. "Which secretaryship was offered to you?" his friend Wilberforce asked. "Really," said Pitt, "I had not the curiosity to inquire." Addington was frightened into bidding higher. He offered to resign the treasury to Pitt, on condition that there should be no extensive change in the government. But Pitt would listen to no such terms. Then came a dispute such as often arises after negotiations orally conducted, even when the negotiators are men of strict honor. Pitt gave one account of what had passed; Addington gave another; and though the discrepancies were not such as necessarily implied any intentional violation of truth on either side, both were greatly exasperated.

Meanwhile the quarrel with the First Consul had come to a crisis. On the 16th of May 1803, the King sent a message calling on the House of Commons to support him in withstanding the ambitious and encroaching policy of France; and on the 22d, the House took the message into consideration.

Pitt had now been living many months in retirement. There had been a general election since he had spoken in parliament, and there were two hundred members who had never heard him. It was known that on this occasion he would be in his place, and curiosity was wound up to the highest point. Unfortunately, the short-hand writers were, in consequence of some mistake, shut out on that day from the gallery, so that the newspapers contained only a very meagre report of the proceedings. But several accounts of what passed are extant; and of those accounts, the most interesting is contained in an unpublished letter written by a very young member, John William Ward, afterwards Earl of Dudley. When Pitt rose, he was received with loud cheering. At every pause in his speech there was a burst of applause. The peroration is said to have been one of the most animated and magnificent ever heard in Parliament. "Pitt's speech," Fox wrote a few days later, "was admired

very much, and very justly. I think it was the best he ever made in that style." The debate was adjourned; and on the second night Fox replied in an oration which, as the most zealous Pittites were forced to acknowledge, left the palm of eloquence doubtful. Addington made a pitiable appearance between the two great rivals; and it was observed that Pitt, while exhorting the Commons to stand resolutely by the executive government against France, said not a word indicating esteem or friendship for the prime minister.

War was speedily declared. The First Consul threatened to invade England at the head of the conquerors of Belgium and Italy, and formed a great camp near the Straits of Dover. On the other side of those Straits the whole population of our island was ready to rise up as one man in defence of the soil. At this conjuncture, as at some other great conjunctures in our history, the conjuncture of 1660, for example, and the conjuncture of 1688, there was a general disposition among honest and patriotic men to forget old quarrels, and to regard as a friend every person who was ready, in the existing emergency, to do his part towards the saving of the state. A coalition of all the first men in the country would, at that moment, have been as popular as the coalition of 1783 had been unpopular. Alone in the kingdom the King looked with perfect complacency on a cabinet in which no man superior to himself in genius was to be found, and was so far from being willing to admit all his ablest subjects to office, that he was bent on excluding them all.

A few months passed before the different parties which agreed in regarding the government with dislike and contempt, came to an understanding with each other. But in the spring of 1804, it became evident that the weakest of ministries would have to defend itself against the strongest of oppositions; an opposition made up of three oppositions, each of which would, separately, have been formidable from ability, and which, when united, were also formidable from number. The party which had opposed the peace, headed by Grenville and Windham, and the party which had opposed the renewal of the war, headed by Fox, concurred in thinking that the men now in power were incapable of either making a good peace or waging a vigorous war. Pitt had, in 1802, spoken for peace

against the party of Grenville, and had, in 1803, spoken for war against the party of Fox. But of the capacity of the cabinet, and especially of its chief, for the conduct of great affairs, he thought as meanly as either Fox or Grenville. Questions were easily found on which all the enemies of the government could act cordially together. The unfortunate first lord of the treasury, who had, during the earlier months of his administration, been supported by Pitt on one side, and by Fox on the other, now had to answer Pitt, and to be answered by Fox. Two sharp debates, followed by close divisions, made him weary of his post. It was known, too, that the upper house was even more hostile to him than the lower, that the Scotch representative peers wavered, that there were signs of mutiny among the bishops. In the cabinet itself there was discord, and, worse than discord, treachery. It was necessary to give way: the ministry was dissolved; and the task of forming a government was intrusted to Pitt.

Pitt was of opinion that there was now an opportunity, such as had never before offered itself, and such as might never offer itself again, of uniting in the public service, on honorable terms, all the eminent talents of the kingdom. The passions to which the French Revolution had given birth were extinct. The madness of the innovator and the madness of the alarmist had alike had their day. Jacobinism and Anti-jacobinism had gone out of fashion together. The most liberal statesman did not think that season propitious for schemes of parliamentary reform; and the most conservative statesman could not pretend that there was any occasion for gagging bills and suspensions of the habeas corpus act. The great struggle for independence and national honor occupied all minds; and those who were agreed as to the duty of maintaining that struggle with vigor, might well postpone to a more convenient time all disputes about matters comparatively unimportant. Strongly impressed by these considerations, Pitt wished to form a ministry including all the first men in the country. The treasury he reserved for himself; and to Fox he proposed to assign a share of power little inferior to his own.

The plan was excellent; but the King would not hear of it. Dull, obstinate, unforgiving, and at that time half mad, he positively refused to admit Fox into his service.



Anybody else, even men who had gone as far as Fox, or further than Fox, in what his Majesty considered as Jacobinism, Sheridan, Grey, Erskine, should be graciously received; but Fox never. During several hours Pitt labored in vain to reason down this senseless antipathy. That he was perfectly sincere there can be no doubt; but it was not enough to be sincere; he should have been resolute. Had he declared himself determined not to take office without Fox, the royal obstinacy would have given way, as it gave way, a few months later, when opposed to the immutable resolution of Lord Grenville. In an evil hour Pitt yielded. He flattered himself with the hope that, though he consented to forego the aid of his illustrious rival, there would still remain ample materials for the formation of an efficient ministry. That hope was cruelly disappointed. Fox entreated his friends to leave personal considerations out of the question, and declared that he would support, with the utmost cordiality, an efficient and patriotic ministry from which he should be himself excluded. Not only his friends, however, but Grenville, and Grenville's adherents, answered with one voice that the question was not personal; that a great constitutional principle was at stake, and that they would not take office while a man eminently qualified to render service to the commonwealth was placed under a ban merely because he was disliked at court. All that was left to Pitt was to construct a government out of the wreck of Addington's feeble administration. The small circle of his personal retainers furnished him with a very few useful assistants, particularly Dundas, who had been created Viscount Melville, Lord Harrowby, and Canning.

Such was the inauspicious manner in which Pitt entered on his second administration. The whole history of that administration was of a piece with the commencement. Almost every month brought some new disaster or disgrace. To the war with France was soon added a war with Spain. The opponents of the minister were numerous, able, and active. His most useful coadjutors he soon lost. Sickness deprived him of the help of Lord Harrowby. It was discovered that Lord Melville had been guilty of high culpable laxity in transactions relating to public money. He was censured by the House of Commons, driven from office, ejected from the privy council, and impeached of high crimes and

misdeemeanors. The blow fell heavily on Pitt. It gave him, he said in parliament, a deep pang; and, as he uttered the word pang, his lip quivered; his voice shook; he paused; and his hearers thought that he was about to burst into tears. Such tears shed by Eldon would have moved nothing but laughter. Shed by the warm-hearted and open-hearted Fox, they would have moved sympathy, but would have caused no surprise. But a tear from Pitt would have been something portentous. He suppressed his emotion, however, and proceeded with his usual majestic self-possession.

His difficulties compelled him to resort to various expedients. At one time Addington was persuaded to accept office with a peerage; but he brought no additional strength to the government. Though he went through the form of reconciliation, it was impossible for him to forget the past. While he remained in place he was jealous and punctilious; and he soon retired again. At another time Pitt renewed his efforts to overcome his master's aversion to Fox; and it was rumored that the King's obstinacy was gradually giving way. But, meanwhile, it was impossible for the minister to conceal from the public eye the decay of his health and the constant anxiety which gnawed at his heart. His sleep was broken. His food ceased to nourish him. All who passed him in the park, all who had interviews with him in Downing Street, saw misery written in his face. The peculiar look which he wore during the last months of his life was often pathetically described by Wilberforce, who used to call it the Austerlitz look.

Still the vigor of Pitt's intellectual faculties and the intrepid haughtiness of his spirit, remained unaltered. He had staked every thing on a great venture. He had succeeded in forming another mighty coalition against the French ascendancy. The united forces of Austria, Russia, and England might, he hoped, oppose an insurmountable barrier to the ambition of the common enemy. But the genius and energy of Napoleon prevailed. While the English troops were preparing to embark for Germany, while the Russian troops were slowly coming up from Poland, he, with rapidity unprecedented in modern war, moved a hundred thousand men from the shores of the Ocean to the Black Forest, and compelled a great Austrian army to surrender at Ulm.

To the first faint rumors of this calamity Pitt would give no credit. He was irritated by the alarms of those around him. "Do not believe a word of it," he said: "it is all a fiction." The next day he received a Dutch newspaper containing the capitulation. He knew no Dutch. It was Sunday; and the public offices were shut. He carried the paper to Lord Malmesbury, who had been minister in Holland; and Lord Malmesbury translated it. Pitt tried to bear up, but the shock was too great; and he went away with death in his face.

The news of the battle of Trafalgar arrived four days later, and seemed for a moment to revive him. Forty-eight hours after that most glorious and most mournful of victories had been announced to the country came the Lord Mayor's day; and Pitt dined at Guildhall. His popularity had declined. But on this occasion the multitude, greatly excited by the recent tidings, welcomed him enthusiastically, took off his horses in Cheapside, and drew his carriage up King Street. When his health was drunk, he returned thanks in two or three of those stately sentences of which he had a boundless command. Several of those who heard him laid up his words in their hearts; for they were the last words that he ever uttered in public: "Let us hope that England, having saved herself by her energy, may save Europe by her example."

This was but a momentary rally. Austerlitz soon completed what Ulm had begun. Early in December Pitt had retired to Bath, in the hope that he might there gather strength for the approaching session. While he was languishing there on his sofa, arrived the news that a decisive battle had been fought and lost in Moravia, that the coalition was dissolved, that the Continent was at the feet of France. He sank down under the blow. Ten days later, he was so emaciated that his most intimate friends hardly knew him. He came up from Bath by slow journeys, and, on the 11th of January, 1806, reached his villa at Putney. Parliament was to meet on the 21st. On the 20th was to be the parliamentary dinner, at the house of the first lord of the treasury, in Downing Street; and the cards were already issued. But the days of the great minister were numbered. The only chance for his life, and that a very slight chance, was, that he should resign his office, and pass some months in profound repose.

His colleagues paid him very short visits, and carefully avoided political conversation. But his spirit, long accustomed to dominion, could not, even in that extremity, relinquish hopes which everybody but himself perceived to be vain. On the day on which he was carried into his bedroom at Putney, the Marquess Wellesley, whom he had long loved, whom he had sent to govern India, and whose administration had been eminently able, energetic, and successful, arrived in London after an absence of eight years. The friends saw each other once more. There was an affectionate meeting, and a last parting. That it was a last parting, Pitt did not seem to be aware. He fancied himself to be recovering, talked on various subjects cheerfully, and with an unclouded mind, and pronounced a warm and discerning eulogium on the Marquess's brother Arthur. "I never," he said, "met with any military man with whom it was so satisfactory to converse." The excitement and exertion of this interview were too much for the sick man. He fainted away; and Lord Wellesley left the house, convinced that the close was fast approaching.

And now members of parliament were fast coming up to London. The chiefs of the opposition met for the purpose of considering the course to be taken on the first day of the session. It was easy to guess what would be the language of the King's speech, and of the address which would be moved in answer to that speech. An amendment condemning the policy of the government had been prepared, and was to have been proposed in the House of Commons by Lord Henry Petty, a young nobleman who had already won for himself that place in the esteem of his country which, after the lapse of more than half a century, he still retains. He was unwilling however, to come forward as the accuser of one who was incapable of defending himself. Lord Grenville, who had been informed of Pitt's state by Lord Wellesley, and had been deeply affected by it, earnestly recommended forbearance; and Fox, with characteristic generosity and good nature, gave his voice against attacking his now helpless rival. "Sunt lacrymæ rerum," he said, "et mentem mortalia tangunt." On the first day, therefore, there was no debate. It was rumored that evening that Pitt was better. But on the following morning his physicians pronounced that there were no hopes. The

commanding faculties of which he had been too proud were beginning to fail. His old tutor and friend, the Bishop of Lincoln, informed him of his danger, and gave such religious advice and consolation as a confused and obscured mind could receive. Stories were told of devout sentiments fervently uttered by the dying man. But these stories found no credit with anybody who knew him. Wilberforce pronounced it impossible that they could be true; "Pitt," he added, "was a man who said less than he thought on such topics." It was asserted in many after-dinner speeches, Grub Street elegies, and academic prize poems and prize declamations, that the great minister died exclaiming, "O, my country!" This is a fable; but it is true that the last words which he uttered, while he knew what he said, were broken exclamations about the alarming state of public affairs. He ceased to breathe on the morning of the 23d of January 1806, the twenty-fifth anniversary of the day in which he first took his seat in parliament. He was in his forty-seventh year, and had been, during near nineteen years, first lord of the treasury, and undisputed chief of the administration. Since parliamentary government was established in England, no English statesman has held supreme power so long. Walpole, it is true, was first lord of the treasury during more than twenty years, but it was not till Walpole had been some time first lord of the treasury that he could be properly called prime minister.

It was moved in the House of Commons that Pitt should be honored with a public funeral, and a monument. The motion was opposed by Fox in a speech which deserves to be studied as a model of good taste and good feeling. The task was the most invidious that ever an orator undertook; but it was performed with a humanity and delicacy which were warmly acknowledged by the mourning friends of him who was gone. The motion was carried by two hundred and eighty-eight votes to eighty-nine.

The 22d of February was fixed for the funeral. The corpse having lain in state during two days in the Painted Chamber, was borne with great pomp to the northern transept of the Abbey. A splendid train of princes, nobles, bishops, and privy councillors followed. The grave of Pitt had been made near to the spot where his great father lay, near also to

the spot where his great rival was soon to lie. The sadness of the assistants was beyond that of ordinary mourners. For he whom they were committing to the dust, had died of sorrows and anxieties of which none of the survivors could be altogether without a share. Wilberforce, who carried the banner before the hearse, described the awful ceremony with deep feeling. As the coffin descended into the earth, he said, the eagle face of Chatham from above seemed to look down with consternation into the dark house which was receiving all that remained of so much power and glory.

All parties in the House of Commons readily concurred in voting forty thousand pounds to satisfy the demands of Pitt's creditors. Some of his admirers seemed to consider the magnitude of his embarrassments as a circumstance highly honorable to him; but men of sense will probably be of a different opinion. It is far better, no doubt, that a great minister should carry his contempt of money to excess, than that he should contaminate his hands with unlawful gain. But it is neither right nor becoming in a man to whom the public has given an income more than sufficient for his comfort and dignity, to bequeath to that public a great debt, the effect of mere negligence and profusion. As first lord of the treasury and chancellor of the exchequer, Pitt never had less than six thousand a-year, besides an excellent house. In 1792 he was forced by his royal master's friendly importunity to accept for life the office of warden of the Cinque Ports, with near four thousand a year more. He had neither wife nor child: he had no needy relations: he had no expensive tastes: he had no long election bills. Had he given but a quarter of an hour a week to the regulation of his household, he would have kept his expenditure within bounds. Or, if he could not spare even a quarter of an hour a week for that purpose, he had numerous friends, excellent men of business, who would have been proud to act as his stewards. One of those friends, the chief of a great commercial house in the city, made an attempt to put the establishment in Downing Street to rights; but in vain. He found that the waste of the servants' hall was almost fabulous. The quantity of butcher's meat charged in the bills was nine hundred-weight a week. The consumption of poultry, of fish, of tea, was in proportion. The char-

acter of Pitt would have stood higher if, with the disinterestedness of Pericles and of De Witt, he had united their dignified frugality.

The memory of Pitt has been assailed, times innumerable, often justly, often unjustly; but it has suffered much less from his assailants than from his eulogists. For, during many years, his name was the rallying cry of a class of men with whom, at one of those terrible conjunctures which confound all ordinary distinctions, he was accidentally and temporarily connected, but to whom, on almost all great questions of principle, he was diametrically opposed. The haters of parliamentary reform called themselves Pittites, not choosing to remember that Pitt made three motions for parliamentary reform, and that, though he thought that such a reform could not safely be made while the passions excited by the French Revolution were raging, he never uttered a word indicating that he should not be prepared at a more convenient season to bring the question forward a fourth time. The toast of Protestant ascendancy was drunk on Pitt's birthday by a set of Pittites, who could not but be aware that Pitt had resigned his office because he could not carry Catholic emancipation. The defenders

of the Test Act called themselves Pittites, though they could not be ignorant that Pitt had laid before George the Third unanswerable reasons for abolishing the Test Act. The enemies of free trade called themselves Pittites, though Pitt was far more deeply imbued with the doctrines of Adam Smith than either Fox or Grey. The very negro-drivers invoked the name of Pitt, whose eloquence was never more conspicuously displayed than when he spoke of the wrongs of the negro. This mythical Pitt, who resembles the genuine Pitt as little as Charlemagne of Ariosto resembles the Charlemagne of Eginhard, has had his day. History will vindicate the real man from calumny disguised under the semblance of adulation, and will exhibit him as what he was, a minister of great talents, honest intentions, and liberal opinions, pre-eminently qualified, intellectually and morally, for the part of a parliamentary leader, and capable of administering with prudence and moderation the government of a prosperous and tranquil country; but unequal to surprising and terrible emergencies, and liable, in such emergencies, to err grievously, both on the side of weakness and on the side of violence.

LAFAYETTE AND MARIA ANTOINETTE.—As I thought the general limped a little, although Morgan gave him his arm, I proposed as we reached the extremity of the *grand pelouse*, that commands such a beautiful view of the château and its five towers, that we should sit down to enjoy the scene on one of the many wooden benches with which the grounds abound. The shade of two fine trees offered us repose and shelter from the sun, and, above all, one of those charming *causeries* with the general, to which he unsuspectingly lent himself. In those low, slow, modulated tones, which gave to every thing he said such emphasis, he answered our questions by replies, that might almost be called historical. "Is it true, general," I asked, "that you once went to a *bal masqué* at the opera with the Queen of France, Marie Antoinette, leaning on your arm, the king knowing nothing of the matter till after her return?" "I am afraid so," said he, "she was so indiscreet, and I can conscientiously add, so innocent. However, le Comte d'Artois was of the party, and we were

all young, enterprising, and pleasure-loving. But what is most absurd in the adventure was, that when I pointed out Madame du Barri to her—whose figure and favorite domino I knew—the Queen expressed the most anxious desire to hear her speak, and bade me *intriguer* her. She answered me flippantly, and I am sure if I had offered her my other arm, the Queen would not have objected to it; such was the *esprit d'aventure* at that time in the Court of Versailles, and in the head of the haughty daughter of Austria." I said, "Ah, general, you were their Cromwell Grandison." "Pas encore," replied he, smiling, "that *sobriquet* was given me long after by Mirabeau." "I believe," said I, "the Queen was quite taken with the American cause." "She thought so, but understood nothing about it," replied he, "The world said at least," I added, with some hesitation, "that she favored its young champion, le héros des deux mondes." "*Cancan de salon!*" he replied, and the subject was dropped.—*Lady Morgan's Memoirs.*



## CHAPTER IX.—"ROSA QUO LOCORUM."

NEWS travelled but slowly in the days of which we write. It was already a week after the battle of Newbury, and the quiet party at Boughton had as yet no particulars of the fight. Rumors had indeed arrived that a great action had taken place, but as each narrator colored his own account according to the political opinions he professed, both the details and the result remained wrapped in uncertainty. Some maintained that Essex had gained a complete victory and was marching for London in the full tide of success, having dispersed and almost annihilated the royal army; that the King himself had fled, and that his best generals, having been either killed or taken prisoners, nothing now remained but an unconditional submission to the terms of the Parliament. For this crowning mercy, it was argued by those who adopted so decided a view of the case, thanksgivings ought to be rendered, and the downfall of the man Charles celebrated by a solemn festival: others, again, and these garnished their version with many strange oaths, and showed a strong disinclination to discourse upon this, or any other topic, dry-lipped, avowed that the Parliamentary army had sustained a complete and unequivocal defeat, that the royalist cavalry had, as usual, covered themselves with glory, and his blessed Majesty, whose health they were always prepared to drink on their knees, or indeed in any other position, having thrown a garrison into Donnington Castle, so as to command the western road to the capital, had retired in triumph to Oxford, whence he would impose the most stringent and humiliating terms on his vanquished enemies.

Grace Allonby and Mary Cave listened alternately to these conflicting statements with anxious faces and beating hearts; the former daily expecting some assurance of her father's safety, the latter vibrating between a sensation of crushing shame, as she recalled her last interview with Falkland, and all the tender misgivings of a woman for the safety of the man she loves. And yet the days dragged slowly on, in their routine of quiet occupations and homely duties. The women worked at their embroidery, and tended their roses, and rustled softly about the house, as if all were peace both within and without, as if life had no interests, no anxieties, beyond the taking up of a dropped stitch, or the nipping of a faded rosebud.

They were, however, much together; kindred hopes and fears seemed to draw closer day by day the links of friendship which had always bound these two dissimilar characters, and whilst Grace Allonby looked up to her more energetic friend for protection and consolation, the weary spirit of Mary Cave seemed to rest upon her gentle companion, and to derive a soothing, purifying influence from her sympathy and affection.

They were sitting together on a stone bench that terminated the terrace on which Mary's last interview with Falkland had taken place. A soft, cloudy atmosphere dimmed the rays of the sun, struggling at intervals in downward sheets of light; a gentle breeze moaned through the adjacent woods, claiming here and there its first autumnal tribute in a crisp yellow leaf that floated noiselessly down to the sward. The last roses, already overblown, drooped their heads over the two women, shedding their petals thick and fast to the insidious wooer that stole so softly across the distant meadow, and over the trim lawn, to win their perfume and waste their loveliness, and kiss them and pass on. There was music in the whispering breeze, and beauty in the dying roses, but it was a sad, sweet music that seemed to mourn for the past, and a beauty that spoke of disappointment and decay. Each of them gathered one of the flowers, and placed it in her bosom; each seemed to have some association connected with these autumn roses, some strangely mingled memory of pain and pleasure, of hope and longing, and shame and sorrow, for Grace blushed scarlet, and Mary's blue eyes filled with tears.

She brushed them hastily away, and turned her head so as to hide her face from her companion; she was ever ashamed of such womanly weaknesses, and indeed seldom gave way to her emotions, whatever might be their nature.

"Another day, Grace," she said, "and no news yet from the army. Oh, it wears one's heart out to sit waiting here when men are in their buff-coats and breastplates, up and armed for the King. I would I were amongst them, Grace, to take my share of danger like the rest. *C'est l'homme qui se baste, et qui conseille*; but as for us poor women, what are we good for but to clog their energies and distract their attention, and weep and watch, and eat our own hearts in solitude?"

"You did not always say so, Mary," replied her companion. "I thought men were the puppets, and we were to pull the strings. Have you changed your note so soon about our power and influence, and why?"

The proud look stole over Mary's face once more. "Yes, Grace," she answered, "ours is the dominion, if we only knew how to keep 't. It is our own fault if we lose the upper hand. It does not answer to pull the rein too tightly, and so to break it once for all; nor is it judicious to let the so-called lords of the creation discover how necessary they really are to our happiness. To do them justice, they are wonderfully obtuse on this point, and, in this single instance, strangely prone to underrate their own value. And yet, dear, I sometimes think that ours is but a tinsel royalty, after all. A fairy splendor, that is visible to the dazzled eyes of those only over whom our glamour is cast; that the real power, and wisdom, and glory is not with us, and the time may arrive at any moment when our subjects wake to find this out for themselves, and then all that was life to us is but a dream to them, a dream from which they do not even sorrow to be aroused; a dream at which they can smile when it is recalled to them, and yawn out some vague sentiment, half poetical, half philosophical, of indulgent pity on their own past folly, and self-congratulation that it is over at last for evermore. They are not quite ashamed of it, neither do they wish it had never existed, but they talk of it (as even the best of them will of their boyhood's extravagances) with a sort of melancholy triumph, and comical self-pity and self-sympathy. 'I was very fond of that woman once,' they will say, without a particle of the feeling left. The woman does not speak so, but she carries her heartache about with her in silence, and every time his name is mentioned the old wound smarts and bleeds afresh."

"And do you believe there is no constancy?" answered Grace, in whose opinion her companion's thorough knowledge of such matters was deserving of the most implicit credence, and who felt much more alarmed than she would have been one short month ago at these discouraging views of the relations between the sexes. "Are men all alike, and all equally heartless and variable?"

"God forbid," was the reply; "and yet, Grace, in all that I have seen of the world,

and you know that my girlhood has been passed amongst the gaieties and intrigues of a Court; well, in all I have seen, I can recall scarce one single instance of an attachment that has lasted more than two years. You look astonished, Grace, but it is so, nevertheless. They are nearly all alike, and differ only in degree from wild Lord Goring, who says that he requires a week to conquer, a week to triumph, and a week to weary, after which he allows himself a week's repose, meaning simply a rotation of hard drinking, and the beginning of the next month finds him prepared for fresh follies and fresh duplicity."

"What a monster!" remarked Grace, lending an ear, nevertheless, with unconscious interest, to the escapades of wild George Goring.

"And yet, Grace," proceeded Mary, looking back dreamily, as it were, into the past, "there was once a time that even Goring was ready to sacrifice his fortunes, his ambition, his life, and indeed his all, for a woman. She was my aunt, Grace, and once I think she loved him well. It was a foolish story. He hoped to win her against all obstacles, and with his energetic nature, his courage, and his recklessness, I cannot comprehend why he failed. But so it was. During his absence abroad, where he was serving to win distinction only for her sake, others came between them, and she was lost to him forever. It was years ago, my dear, and she is a cold, proud, stern woman now, but I think she was not always so. They say she used to be a sweet-tempered, loveable, and beautiful girl; they say she would have made Goring a good and happy wife. I have heard one person affirm that even he would have been a different man had she belonged to him; that it was not his nature always to be bad amongst the worst; that every thing good and gentle in him changed in a day. But he who said so judged all men kindly, and saw every thing through the clear atmosphere of his own pure, noble mind. There are few like him. But to return to Goring. I know that even after all hope was over, even at the foulest and blackest stage of his career, when my aunt was thought to be dying, he threw up his command, he returned home with a stain upon his courage, he lost his dearest chance of distinction, to be near her; and when she recovered he was heard of wilder and wicked-

than ever. There is no doubt he loved her fondly, and like a fool, and yet listen, Grace, to what I heard with my own ears. After a long absence, Lady St. Aubyn returned to Court. They had not met for years, not since I was a child, and at the time I speak of I was a grown woman, in attendance on the Queen. I was standing close to Harry Jermyn and Goring when my aunt was announced. I knew the story, and I watched the latter's face. It never altered in a muscle. I could have forgiven him if he had turned red or pale or had even lost for an instant that hateful smile which seems to jeer at every thing good and bad. No, he passed his hand through his long curls, and touched Jermyn with his elbow—"Egad, Harry," said he, "how these red and white women alter. Would you believe it, I once run my best friend through the body for a light jest about that one? And now look at her, my boy! She's an old woman, and a fat one. Faith, and almost an ugly one too. Well, it's lucky there are plenty of young ones always coming on." And this is the way men can talk of us, Grace; but not all—not all; there are a few, a very few noble hearts, that a woman might be proud to win, or, failing to win, might be proud to worship in silence and lifelong pain."

"Are there?" observed Grace, absently, for her attention was occupied by an advancing horseman, mounted on a sorrel that even at a distance she seemed to recognize. Perhaps she was thinking, "is this one of them?" perhaps she was speculating, with the prospective power of imagination, "will this one ever care for me? and having cared, will he ever laugh, like Goring, and say, 'how these women alter,' and 'how fat I am grown?'" The horseman was accompanied by one servant, a tall, spare figure, mounted on a stout, useful palfrey, the spoil of some Parliamentary whom Dymocke had deprived of his charger by the usage of war. It was indeed Bosville who was rapidly approaching the park, and the hearts of both women beat fast, and their cheeks turned pale, for he would have news of the great battle and the Cause and the King and Sir Giles Allonby and Lord Falkland.

The young man reined up his horse at the door and dismounted, the reeking sides of the sorrel and the marks of disapprobation visible upon Dymocke's lean visage sufficiently denoting the speed at which he had been travelling.

He gave the rein to his servant, and advanced to greet the ladies, with doffed beaver and slow, dejected step. His dress was disordered and travel-stained, his face bronzed by exposure, and now suffused with a deep blush, and his countenance bore a saddened expression that was ominous of bad news.

Grace jumped from her seat. "My father!" she exclaimed, with clasped hands and eager face.

"Sir Giles is safe, Mistress Grace," was the reply; "he bids me commend him to you, and hopes soon to see his daughter once more."

Grace burst into tears and covered her face with her hands; Mary Cave meanwhile remaining pale and cold as the stone balustrade against which she leaned. And yet she dared not ask the question that was nearest to her heart.

"And you have obtained a victory, a great victory?" she said, with lips that blanched and grew rigid while she spoke.

"A victory indeed," was the Cornet's reply, "and a triumph for the Royal Cause. I have dispatches here from the King himself to my Lord Vaux. I pray you give me leave, ladies; I must hasten to deliver them."

"And they are safe!" exclaimed Grace, with her eyes full of tears; "all safe! those that rode away so full of life and vigor such a short time ago, and whom we thought we might never see again?"

The Cornet's face was very grave. He needed not to speak. Ere a word had crossed his lips Mary Cave knew the worst. Is it not so with all great griefs? with all those important moments upon which turn the destinies of a life—nay, it may be of an eternity? What is it that tells the sufferer there is no hope, whole seconds if you count by the clock, whole ages if you count by the racked and tortured heart, before the decree has gone forth? Do you think the prisoner at the bar does not know the verdict before the foreman of the jury has delivered the thrilling word "Guilty?" Do you think we are so constituted that by our physical organs alone we can become conscious of outward facts? Is there not in acute mental anxiety, another and independent sense of prophetic nature? Who has not suffered has not lived. Is it better to vegetate in contented ignorance, or to pluck, Eve-like, at the tree of knowledge, and taste the wild, bitter flavor of the fruit? Alas! the

lesson of life must be learnt by one and all. Happy those who profit by it. Give them place; let them take their proper station at the head of the class; but pity the poor dunce who is smarting in his ignorance, whose hot tears are falling thick and fast upon the page.

"We have bought our victory at too high a price," said Humphrey; "some of the noblest heads in England lie low at Newbury. Carnarvon, Sunderland, Falkland, have met a soldier's death and found a soldier's grave."

Mary spoke not a word. Her beautiful features took a set, meaningless expression, like a mask, or like the face of a corpse. There was a dull, stony look in her eye, like that of some dumb animal.

Suffering pain and nerved to endure, her head was thrown proudly back till the muscles of the neck started out in painful tension. It seemed strange to see one of her cast of beauty so metamorphosed. Unbending, physical resistance and acute, stupefying suffering combined seemed so out of character with her ripe, womanly loveliness, her soft, undulating form, her rich brown hair. She who was formed to love and laugh and command with the imperious wilfulness of a spoiled child,—it was sad to see her there, with a hard defiance, even of her own breaking heart, stamped upon her brow.

She questioned Bosville again and again, unwavering and pitiless towards herself, she learned every particular he had to tell, she shrank from no incident of the action, no harrowing detail of Falkland's last charge, or the state in which he was found; and then with quiet, grave courtesy she thanked Humphrey for his narrative, and walked once more up the well-remembered stairs with the stately step and queen-like gestures that became her so well.

She had been a changed woman one short week ago, when her chamber door had closed upon her after that interview which she could never forget. She was changed again now; but it was a change that would influence her till she was at rest in her grave.

Bosville followed her with his eyes as she stepped gracefully away, but with his body he accompanied Grace Allonby into the house, that he might deliver his dispatches, as in duty bound, to that young lady's kinsman. Now that the first anxious inquiries were over, that Sir Giles' safety was ascertained, and the victory of Newbury—for as a victory it

was claimed by the Royalists—placed beyond a doubt, they talked, as young people will, of lighter and more mirthful matters—of the Court at Oxford, of the last jest made by Wilmot, and the last new fashion introduced by Harry Jermyn, of the Queen's caprices, and Prince Rupert's retorts uncourteous, of the thousand topics which come so readily to the lips where the deeper chords of character have not yet been sounded, and which make a dialogue between a young gentleman and lady, both of them well born and well bred, so sparkling and agreeable, that we despair of conveying its purport to the reader through the medium of our staid and sober pen.

Arrived at the threshold of Lord Vaux's own chamber, Grace bid her companion "Good-by," with a half laughing, half formal courtesy. He turned as he closed the door for another glance at his guide. Oddly enough, at that very moment Grace turned too,—it always does happen so,—and as she tripped away to decorate her person in her own chamber, she felt happy and light-hearted as a bird. Of course it was the news of the great victory at Newbury and the safety of good Sir Giles that created this wondrous change in his daughter's spirits.

Mary Cave was on her knees in the adjoining apartment. The struggle was over, the wild, sickening feeling of despair alone remained, but the great agony had passed away, and a flood of tears had brought that relief to the overcharged heart and the overstrung brain which alone saves the sufferer from madness. There are some natures that are at once utterly prostrated by sorrow, that make no effort to resist it, and yield at the first attack; such know nothing of real misery. It is the proud, unbending spirit that has defied a thousand storms, which falls with a crush at last.

Mary had been accustomed to conquer, had marched in triumph over the necks of a host of captives; hers was no meek, yielding disposition, that clings where it attaches itself, and finds a pleasure in self-abasement and self-sacrifice. No; she was one of those wild birds that must be tamed, and subjected, and restrained, to stoop to the lure by a stronger will than their own; and she had found her master long ago. Hopeless though it was, she had fixed her love upon Falkland: though he could never be hers, there had yet been a vague, unacknowledged link that bound



them together; and now even this was broken, and he was dead. Dead! the irrevocable, the fatal word, before which all other griefs seem so trifling, all other breaches so easily repaired, all other sorrows so open to consolation. Never, never to see him more! It was a dull, stony, stupefying sensation. She was so glad, so thankful she had told him all before he went away. There was no shame

now, no self-abasement, no womanly pride to come between her and the loved one in his cold grave; and Mary's tears welled up afresh, thick and hot, and the band that seemed to have compressed her heart to suffocation grew looser, and she rose from her knees with a firm resolve in her brain, and a giant's strength growing up in her steadfast will to struggle and endure.

## CHAPTER X.—“ANCILLE PUDORIS.”

GRACE ALLONEY inhabited a pretty little room overlooking the terrace we have so often mentioned, and stored with the many knick-knacks that, even in the days of which we write, were affected by young ladies to “keep them beautiful, and leave them neat.” Albeit the act of prying into such a boudoir may be deemed an impertinence, yet must we claim the historian's privilege to be at all times in all places, and take a peep at Grace undergoing the various tortures of the toilet at the hands of her handmaid Faith, a pretty Puritan, whose duties as the *soubrette* of a Cavalier's daughter are continually at variance with her conscientious opinions—a mental conflict which imparts to that damsel's conversation and general character a degree of acidity foreign to her real nature. She is combing and brushing her lady's hair with merciless energy, and those long, dark masses fall over the white neck and bosom with a luxuriance of which the maid is prouder than her mistress. Yet is she reflecting even now, while with a turn of her skilful hand she adjusts a jetty ringlet, holding the comb meanwhile between her teeth, how the crowning beauty of Absalom was a delusion and a snare; and how, though a woman may be permitted to retain her abundant tresses, the long love-locks of the Cavaliers *must* be wicked, they are so very becoming.

“Is the young officer from Newbury going away to-day, Mistress Grace, or doth he remain all night?” asks Faith, with an air and accent of the utmost simplicity.

It is a strange coincidence, but Grace is thinking exactly the same thing. A shower of ringlets falls between her face and the mirror, so she blushes under them unseen; nevertheless, her neck and shoulders crimson visibly, and Faith, although a Puritan, deduces her own conclusions. Like a thorough waiting-maid, however, she proceeds, without pausing for an answer—

“He is a likely young gentleman enough; of a fair countenance, and a gallant bearing too, as becomes a soldier. He cannot be as bad as the rest of them, Mistress Grace, or he would hardly have left them by his own desire to come here to our quiet place, where he knows nobody and can care for nobody.”

“He goes where he is ordered, Faith,” replies Grace, very quietly, and with a certain air of enforced dignity; “he is a brave and good officer,” she adds, her voice trembling a little, “and has been sent here with dispatches by the King himself.”

“I know what I know,” resumes Faith, with some asperity. “When it came to a question of who was to leave the army, and ride alone—leastways, him and his servant—through the ranks of the rebels, that's to say the Parliamentarians,” Faith catches herself up rapidly as she recollects her political and religious principles, “facing dangers and what not, to come here to Boughton;—nothing would serve Captain Bosville—for a captain he is and will be when he gets his due, as them that knows and told me is not misinformed—nothing would serve him but down he goes on his knees before the King—I wonder he wasn't ashamed to do it; and says he, ‘Your Majesty,’ says he, ‘where the treasure is there will the heart be also; and my sorrel,’ says he—that's the one he rode here that's got two fore-shoes off now in the great stable—‘my sorrel can do the distance in half the time of e'er another in your Majesty's army; and my servant,’ says he—that's good Master Dymocke, a worthy man and a right thinker, though backsliding for the time—‘my servant knows the ways by track and ford, and none other; and we crave leave to enter upon the duty, and so to kiss your Majesty's hand, and God be with you all.’ And with that,” continued Faith, now almost breathless, “they up and saddled, and never drew rein till they rode in at our great gates,

and as Master Dymocke says, 'faint heart never won fair lady,' and 'the laborer is worthy of his hire.'"

Grace listens well pleased to this somewhat improbable story; drop by drop the poison is stealing gently into her veins. It is sweet to hear his name already; soon it will be sweet to talk of him even to an uninterested listener; then will come blushes and confusion, and a strange, wild thrill of pleasure; and then the reckoning must be paid for happiness thus taken up at interest. The lonely hours, the weary days, the sore heart, and the wan face, that never blushes now, but only contracts with a sickly smile and turns whiter than before. Is not this the course of ninety-nine love-tales out of a hundred? Poor fools! wasting your treasure for that which is not bread.

But Grace is busy fastening a rose into her bodice, and Faith is still training the long tresses into too bewitching curls.

"They can't go to-night, Mistress Grace," says the latter, answering her previous question for herself. "After such a ride as that, both man and beast are entitled to rest and refreshment, as Master Dymocke says; and moreover, there's one of them, as wouldn't be dragged from here by wild-horses except his duty for the King required him. Poor blinded creature! I know what I know."

"And is it the master or the man that is so wedded to a place he has only seen twice in his life?" asks Grace, half amused in spite of herself, although her heart is beating somewhat faster than usual. Faith is at once overcome by an access of propriety.

"O madam," she replies, "it is not for me to make free with the young gentleman's thoughts; and as for Master Dymocke, though a worthy man and a personable, his gravity and his experience puts him beyond all such vanities. Only there's some talk of their staying here for a convoy and a guard to take us all on to Oxford, where may we be preserved from the temptations of a Court!" adds Faith, piously. "And now, madam," she concludes, with a finishing twist to the curls and a toss of her own head, "I have made a clean breast of it; I have told you all I know, and of what may come of it, whether for good or for evil, I wash my hands!"

With which solemn admonition Faith folds up her lady's things, smoothing them into squares with unusual accuracy and precision.

She is evidently waiting to be further questioned, but in this she is disappointed, for Grace Allonby is in more hurry than common to attend upon her kinsman down-stairs; and it is with trembling steps and breath coming quick and short that she proceeds to the great hall, where she already hears the voices of Lord Vaux and his lately arrived guest.

Captain Bosville, as we must call him now—for Faith's information, however obtained, is perfectly correct, and his captain's commission is already made out and signed by the Sovereign—has performed an elaborate toilet, and one that even less prejudiced eyes than those of Grace Allonby would pronounce to be most becoming. His long love-locks, curled and perfumed with the greatest care, droop over a pointlace collar fitting high and close around the throat, but falling back in dazzling width over his broad shoulders. His velvet doublet, richly embroidered, and fastened down the front with tags and loops of gold, is slashed at the sleeves, so as to display the fine texture of his cambric garment underneath, and fitting tightly over the hands, admits of the broad wristbands being turned back so as to exhibit the whiteness and symmetry of those members to the greatest advantage. A ruby clasp fastens his doublet at the throat; a fellow stone, of equal size and radiance, is set in the pommel of his sword. These, too, will ere long be converted into men and horses for King Charles; meantime they are very dazzling, very beautiful, and very useless. A wide, rustling scarf, stiff with embroidery, crosses his breast, and is gathered into a huge knot over his left hip, where it meets the broad baldric that sustains his long, straight sword. His lower man is clothed in loose velvet pantaloons, reaching somewhat below the knee, to meet the wide wrinkled riding-boots, pushed half-way down the leg, and forming with their high heels and heavy massive spurs a somewhat warlike termination to the festive air betrayed in the rest of his costume. Add to all this a handsome face, embrowned by exercise, and wearing the keen forcible expression which all men of action insensibly acquire, and we arrive at a general effect, which might indeed make sad havoc in a heart already predisposed to look upon it with favor and affection.

Nor was Grace Allonby thrust upon an unequal war unfurnished with those weapons, both offensive and defensive, which women

know how to use so skilfully. In the days of the first Charles a lady's dress much resembled that of the present era. There was the same display of confident beauty above, the same voluminous series of defences below, as though the attack must be provoked only to be repelled. There was the same costly taste for jewellery, the same magnificence of texture and gorgeousness of hue in silks and satins—nay, the very arms, bared nearly to the elbow, were overhung by a cloudy, graceful fabric of muslin or lace, or whatever it is which suits so well with a white skin, a handsome hand, and a rich bracelet, and which is to-day so much affected by those who are possessed of any or all of these advantages. Grace Allonby's light, girlish figure borrowed a graceful dignity from the ample folds of the heavy brocade she wore—low at the bosom, and descending to a peak or stomacher, the upper part of the body was distinctly and beautifully defined; whilst the spreading skirt, falling in massive plaits from her slender waist, added that majestic sweep and volume which ladies consider so necessary to complete the finish of their costume. Her hair, undisfigured by powder, which had not yet come into use, curled in graceful clusters over her ivory forehead, and did Faith credit for the manner in which she had dressed and disposed it. The girl wore a double row of pearls tight round her neck, and pearl bracelets round her wrists. Sir Giles had not fought and foraged many a long year without obtaining some valuables to bestow upon his darling; and those very pearls were a gift from lavish and ill-judging King Jamie for a deed that had required a silent tongue, a ready hand, and a heart stouter than most men possessed. So Sir Giles was asked to choose his reward, and he chose the casket of pearls lying on the trembling monarch's table, to store them up for his little Gracey. And the King gave them frankly, and regretted them a moment afterwards; but nevertheless, before all was done, they found their way back again to the service of the Stuarts.

So Humphrey Bosville and Grace Allonby were as well-looking a couple as you shall see in a summer's-day; and we may be sure the young lady was satisfied with their joint appearance, and laughed and talked with a gaiety foreign to her usually reserved and quiet demeanor. The Cavalier, on the contrary, was absent and distracted; glancing

uneasily at the door, and looking about him with wondering eyes, as though he missed some accustomed face: by degrees the coldness of his manner threw a damp over the rest of the party. Grace began to feel chilled and disappointed, and withdrew into herself. Lord Vaux was distressed and unhappy at the news of the late action, and the price which a victory had cost. The three sat silent and moody; and the afternoon, to which poor Grace had so looked forward during her toilet, and which had promised to be so bright and sunshiny, terminated, as such anticipated hours too often terminate, in clouds and disappointment.

But it does not follow that because there are pique and vapors in the parlor, loud laugh and broad jest and noisy conversation should be wanting in the hall. There was no lack at Boughton of nut-brown ale brewed of the strongest, with which Lord Vaux's retainers had no objection to make merry whenever occasion offered. Such an opportunity as the present could not of course be suffered to pass over without an unusual amount of was-sailing, a double health to the King, and many hearty pledges to worthy Master Dymocke, who, in his capacity of ambassador extraordinary from the army, and first accredited messenger with the news of victory, received all the compliments and congratulations poured upon him as no more than his due, and replied to the pledges of his admirers with a fervent cordiality that brought an unwonted color to his cheek, and lustre to his eye. Not that Master Dymocke was ever known to succumb to the potent influence of John Barleycorn, or to lose the presence of mind and philosophical equanimity on which he prided himself: nothing of the kind; his was one of those phlegmatic temperaments derived from the Saxon element in our constitutions, which, partaking of the nature of a sponge, like that porous substance, become only the more dense and weighty the more liquid you pour into them. Dymocke had already pledged the steward in many a foaming horn, had emptied a beaker with the falconer in answer to that worthy's compliments and good wishes, had drunk to all the serving-men in turn, measure for measure and courtesy for courtesy, nor had shrunk from an extraordinary and overflowing bumper to the health of the King,—and still his speech was unflinching, and his head clear.

Nay, more; although by general consent allowed to have all the conversation to himself,—although he had told the story of the fight in all its different versions over and over again, each time long before the conclusion becoming the hero of his own tale, he had yet resisted the temptation of *talking* himself drunk; and it was with a steady foot and a deportment more solemn than ordinary, that he rose from the hall-board to betake himself to the stable, there, like a true soldier, to look after his own and his master's steeds.

\* As he fed and watered them, and littered them carefully down, and patted the good animals, of which none but a sportsman, or a soldier, or a highwayman, none but he whose life depends upon the merits of his horse, knows the real value, they seemed to be sleeker and fresher than usual, less wearied with their long journey, smoother in their coats, brighter in their eyes, and cooler in their legs, than was customary. Many healths conscientiously emptied are apt to have this effect of enhancing the good qualities of our possessions, and Dymocke, as he departed from the stable and proceeded towards the house, was in that frame of mind which sees every thing in its brightest hues, and in which our weaknesses—if weaknesses we chance to have—are, as was once observed by an Irishman, at the strongest. Now, Dymocke, though an elderly man, or what he would himself have called in the prime of life, was, as we have already stated, still a bachelor, and like all other bachelors, of whatever age, an admirer of the fair. Marriage is somewhat apt to damp the woman-worship which sits so well upon the stronger sex, more's the pity! but Hugh being still unmarried, was more susceptible to the fascinations of beauty than would have been supposed by those who only contemplated his lean austere-looking face, and were not aware that, like a rough and wrinkled walnut, he was kernel all through. It was therefore with a grim smile, and a sensation entirely pleasurable, that he met the pretty Puritan Faith in the outer court, and assisted that good-looking damsel to carry a certain ponderous clothes-basket from the washing-green into the house. Ladies'-maids were not above hard work in the seventeenth century, and had not as yet arrived at the pitch of refinement now so essential to the dignity of the *second table*, and so much in character with low evening

dressess, white gloves, satin shoes, and short whist.

Faith, too, although a Puritan, had no objection to make the most of those personal charms with which she was blessed by nature. Though her hair was prudishly gathered beneath a little lace cap, it was sleek and glossy as the plumage of a bird. Her gown, though sad-colored in hue, and coarse in texture, fitted her full shape with coquettish accuracy, and was pulled through the pocket-holes so as to display her bright stuff petticoat to the greatest advantage. Her trim ankles were covered by the tightest and best fitting of scarlet hose, and her high-heeled shoes protected a pair of neat little feet that many a well-born lady might have envied. She looked very nice, and Hugh Dymocke was thoroughly convinced of the fact, so it was no unpleasant reflection to remember that he was not immediately about to pursue his journey, and that the horses he had just been caring for would reap the full benefits of the comfortable stable in which they were housed. He was a grave man, and he said as much with a staid air, balancing the clothes-basket the while, and interposing his long person between the admiring damsel and her destination. Faith was nothing loth, too, for a chat; like all women, she was a hero-worshipper, and were not Bosville and his domestic heroes for the nonce? but womanlike, she of course dissembled her gratification, and assumed the offensive.

"The sooner the better, Master Dymocke," observed this seductive damsel, pertly, in allusion to the departure of her solemn admirer, which he informed her was to be postponed *sine die*. "Soldiers only hinder work; and I've got my young lady's things to attend to, and no time to stand here gossiping with you. Not but what you're a well-informed man, and a sober, Master Dymocke, and too good for your evil trade, which is only murder in disguise; and for your comrades, which is men of Belial, and miserable sinners, one worse than another."

"By your leave, good Mistress Faith," answered Dymocke, "this is a subject I should be happy to explain to you, and one on which, with your good will, I shall enter during our journey—for you and I are to be fellow-travellers, as I understand—for our mutual improvement and advantage."

"Journey, good luck!" exclaimed the wait-



ing-maid, clasping her hands in well-feigned astonishment; "and where be you about to take me, Master Dymocke, and have you the King's authority to do what you will with us all? Forsooth, and I have a mind of my own, as you shall shortly find out!"

"His gracious Majesty," replied Dymocke, with the utmost gravity, "when he thought fit to dispatch myself and Captain Bosville on this important duty, confided to me, through an old friend of my own, now a yeoman in his guard, that I was to take charge of the ladies of this family, doubtless accompanied by their kinsman, Lord Vaux, to his right royal Court at Oxford, where I shall make it my duty to place ye in safety and good keeping till these troublous times be overpast."

"And were *you* entrusted with the charge of my young lady as well as myself, Master Dymocke?" asked Faith with extreme *naïveté*, "or was there no word of the captain, your master, in these marchings and countermarchings, of which you soldiers make so little account?"

"My master's youth and inexperience in the ways of womankind would make him a bad guide without myself to counsel and assist him," was the reply; "but take comfort, Mis-

tress Faith, for your lady's sake, at least. The lad is a good lad, and accompanies us to the Court."

"And well pleased my lady will be!" burst out Faith, clapping her hands. "And a sweet pretty couple they make as does one's heart good to see. A soldier and a soldier's daughter. Well, it's a bad trade, but 'like will to like,' Master Dymocke. Good lack! it is a.l. vanity."

"Like will to like, as you observe, and it is vanity," replied Dymocke, without moving a muscle of his countenance; but the clothes-basket had got by this time set on end in the narrow passage they were just entering; and there seemed to be some difficulty, and a good deal of shuffling of feet ere Faith could get past the obstacle. When she did succeed, however, in effecting this manœuvre, she passed the back of her hand across her mouth, and set her cap to rights in a somewhat flurried manner, strongly in contrast with the staid demeanor from which Dymocke never wavered an instant. The latter was something of a herbalist, and it is probable that he had been practically impressing on her the botanical fact, that "the gorse is in bloom the whole year round."

#### CHAPTER XL.—MERTON COLLEGE.

OLD Oxford never looked more picturesque and beautiful than late on an autumnal evening of the year of Grace 1643, when its spires and towers, its stately halls and splendid colleges, formed the court of an unfortunate king, and a refuge for the flower of England's aristocracy. The western sky, a-flame with the departing glories of a gorgeous sunset, tinged with a crimson glow the domes and pinnacles of those stately edifices looming gigantic in the dim haze of evening, already creeping on. Here and there a light twinkling through the gloom shone out star-like over the porch of some lodging where the noble of a hundred manors and a score of castles was content to take up his abode, or from some window where high-born dames, flowers and ornaments of the English court, now looked down like caged birds from their aviary over the busy street below. Groups of cavaliers, warlike retainers, peaceful citizens, grave and reverend churchmen, soldiers trained to war, and soldiers armed for the first time, from loyalty or necessity, filled the town to overflowing. Scarfs and feathers waved and fluttered, spurs jingled, brocades rustled, and

steel clanked in the once peaceful resort of study and the arts. The clatter of troop-horses, the ring of the smithy, the joyous peal of the trumpet-call, and the ready chorus of reckless voices shouting some cavalier ditty, mingled strangely with the solemn swell of an organ in a neighboring chapel, with the toll of a death-bell from a distant cathedral tower. Stanch in her loyalty to the last, the old University town had willingly outraged all her own habits of discipline and decorum for the sake of her king, as she afterwards mortgaged her revenues and pawned her plate in the same failing cause. She was now filled to overflowing, for the Queen, accompanied by her own separate and special court, had lately joined her husband in the only refuge left to them, and still the Cavaliers were pouring in to offer their homage and their swords to the devoted monarch.

A party on horseback have just arrived, and are alighting at the door of the lodging already provided for them. They are dusty and travel-stained, as though they had come a considerable distance, and the old man, clad in a dark, sober dress, who rides at their

head, seems weary and ill at ease. Lord Vaux would fain rest from his labors and be allowed to stay quietly at home. Not so Grace Allonby, whom Bosville assists from her horse and places in her father's arms, for Sir Giles, safe and sound, smiling and unscathed, is waiting to receive his daughter, and thanks Humphrey for the care he has taken of her, and greets them all, including Faith and Dymocke, with his usual soldierlike cordiality. Grace is delighted with the bustle of her arrival as she has been pleased with the events of her journey. All is new to her, and there is a varnish over every thing she sees just now which brings it out in its brightest colors. She pats the sorrel with a grateful smile as she wishes its owner good-by. He has performed his duty, and must take his leave for his own quarters, but whilst they inhabit the same town the chances are that they will often meet again. He shakes hands with her cordially, and looks straight into her face with his honest, hazel eyes; but when in turn he lifts Mary Cave off her horse, who has been riding somewhat in the rear, those eyes are averted and downcast, his color comes and goes, and though he lingers long over the pressure of that hand offered so frankly, and would fain put it to his lips, he releases it abruptly, and walks away like a man in a dream.

Honest Dymocke, with a mysterious grin whispers Faith, and the waiting-maid, who is convinced she has won a convert, bids him farewell with a warmth which nothing apparently but the publicity of the occasion tones down to the necessary degree of reserve and decorum. Our sedate friend has clearly made a conquest, but our business at present is with his master.

Humphrey Bosville strides absently up the street, and revolves in his own mind the events of the last few weeks, and the change that has come over him. He ruminates long and earnestly on one of the companions of his late journey. With the one-sided, sharp-sightedness of love, he has totally ignored that which any other but himself must have detected, the interest he has created in the gentle heart of Grace Allonby; but he has keenly felt that in Mary Cave's thoughts there are depths which he has never sounded, aspirations in which he has no share, regrets which he is powerless to console. She has been charming and winning in her manner towards him, as it is her nature

to charm and win all mankind; she has vouchsafed both himself and the sorrel far more attention than he had any right to expect; and yet there was a something with which he was discontented—a want somewhere unfulfilled, a longing unsatisfied. It worried him—it goaded him; manlike, it made him think about her all the more.

As he strode moodily up the street a hand was laid upon his shoulder, and Effingham, paler and sterner than ever, stood before him: those wild, eager eyes looked kindly as was their wont upon his comrade.

"Welcome, young one," said George, in his deep, stern tones; "welcome to the city of the plain! If ten righteous men could have averted the doom from Sodom, it may be that one honest heart can save Oxford. I have looked for it here in vain, unless you, Humphrey, have brought it with you."

Bosville returned his greeting warmly, and questioned him eagerly as to the numbers and prospects of the Cavaliers. Effingham's answers showed the desponding view which he at least entertained of the success of his party. "It is a sinking ship, Humphrey," said he, in a low, melancholy voice, "and the crew are drugging themselves into apathy before they are engulfed in the waves. With every wound of our bleeding country gaping afresh, nothing is thought of here but riot and wassailing, dicing and drinking and masquing and mumming and the Frenchwoman dancing over the ruins of her husband's kingdom and the death of its bravest supporters, even as the daughter of Herodias danced to the destruction of John the Baptist. Oh, it is a sickening struggle, and we are fighting in a wrong cause! Day by day the conviction grows stronger in my mind; day by day I feel that I am acting against my conscience and to the loss of my own soul! Can such men as Goring and Wilmot and Lunsford be on the side of truth? Will God prosper the cause of a faithless wife, with her bevy of minions, such as Holland and Jermyn and Digby? Shall good men strive in the battle and toil in the march, and leave home and duties and peril their lands and lives, nay, their very salvation, to be bought and sold by a painted traitress like Carlisle? Must we have two Courts, forsooth, one opposed to the other? and shall we serve both to be rewarded by neither, and give our all to a master who is himself subjected to the Jezebel of our day. Verily, 'a house divided

against itself shall not stand,' and I am sick and weary of it, and would fain that it was over. But judge for yourself, Humphrey, by what you will see to-night. The Queen holds her accustomed reception at Merton College. You will attend, as in duty bound, to kiss her hand, after so gallantly affording a convoy to these ladies who have come to join her Court. Judge for yourself, and may God give you clear-sightedness to choose the right path." With these words Effingham turned abruptly from his friend and strode rapidly away.

But Humphrey was torn by none of these doubts and misgivings as to the side which he had adopted in the great struggle of the day. He was a true Cavalier, and a characteristic type of the party to which he belonged. All the enthusiasm of a chivalrous nature was enlisted on behalf of the unfortunate Monarch and of his beautiful and fascinating Queen. All the veneration which prevailed strongly in his disposition prompted him to reverence the old sentiments of loyalty in which he had been brought up, the *prestige* of a crown for which his ancestors had ever been ready to suffer and to die. What mattered it to him that Goring was a profligate and Lunsford a mercenary? The reckless prodigality of the one and the determined bravery of the other shed a halo even over their worst deeds, and he could not in his heart entirely repudiate the dashing courage so akin to his own, which checked at no obstacle and hesitated at no results. If Jermyn was an intriguer, and Holland, with his handsome face, a mass of duplicity, and Digby a most unworthy successor to the true and generous Falkland, there was a charm in their polished, kindly manner, a dignity and chivalrous grace in their bearing that forbade his youthful admiration from judging them too harshly; and even if Henrietta had sacrificed her husband's interests to her own caprices, had given him the most injudicious advice at the worst possible time, and had proved at all junctures and under all circumstances a clog round his neck and a difficulty in his path, was it for him to judge one who united the charms of a woman to the dignity of a Queen, who, with the ready tact of her nature, had already won his heart at a review of Colepepper's brigade by a judicious compliment to his own horsemanship and the beauty of the sorrel he bestrode? Above all, was not the idol of his heart a stanch Cavalier—a partisan, ready and willing to make

any and every sacrifice for the royal cause? Had not many a sentiment of loyalty dropped from her in chance conversation during their journey, and been garnered up in his heart as we garner up alone the words of those we love. They sink deeply, and we ponder on them long and earnestly. God help us! we forget them never in a lifetime.

So Mary Cave being a Cavalier, of course Humphrey Bosville was a Cavalier too (there are reasons for political as well as for other sentiments), and so it was but natural that he should don his most magnificent attire, and present himself at Merton College to pay his homage to his Queen. Sir Giles and Grace Allonby would surely be there, and it was probable that Mary, notwithstanding the deep and bitter grief under which he could not but see she was laboring, would accompany her kinsfolk to the Court.

So his heart beat quicker than it had ever done in action, when he found himself pacing through the double rank of guards, furnished in rotation by the noblemen about the Court, who lined the passages and entrance of Merton College, and we think that as he entered the crowded reception-rooms it would have been almost a relief not to have been aware, as he intuitively was, of the presence of his ladye-love.

It was indeed a gay and gorgeous assemblage, and could not fail to strike even one so pre-occupied as Bosville with interest and admiration. Like a diamond set in a circlet of precious stones, Henrietta herself formed the centre of the sparkling throng, and cast her brilliance on all around, as, with the wit for which she was so remarkable, she scattered amongst her courtiers those graceful nothings which cost so little, and yet buy so much. Small in person, with fairy feet and beautifully formed hands and arms, with radiant black eyes and delicate features, it was not difficult to understand the fascination which she exercised over the most loving and devoted husband that ever wore a crown; nor were the liveliness of her manners, and the toss of her small, well-shaped head, out of keeping with the *piquante* and somewhat theatrical character of her beauty. Even as Bosville entered, she had taken Lord Holland aside into a window, and by the well-pleased expression which pervaded the handsome face of the courtier, it was obvious that, not only was he flattered by the attention, but that he was

yielding most unreservedly to the request, whatever it might be, of his beautiful Sovereign.

Harry Jermyn stood by, apparently not too well pleased. Handsome Harry Jermyn, who would never have been distinguished by that epithet had he not been a Queen's minion, certainly did not at this moment show to advantage, a threatening scowl contracting his features, and a paleness, more perhaps the result of dissipation than ill-health, overspreading his somewhat wasted face. A woman's tact saw the pain that a woman's pity was too ready to alleviate, and a woman's wit was at no loss for an excuse to break up the interview with Holland, and release her favorite servant from his uneasiness. Beckoning him to her side with a kind smile, of which she knew well the power, she pointed to Bosville, who had just entered the presence-chamber, and bid him inquire the name of the young Cavalier. "I remember his face," she said, fastening her black eyes on Jermyn, "as I never forget a face that pleases me, and I will have him brought up and presented to me. I will be personally acquainted with all my comrades, for am not I too a soldier myself?" And she pointed with her little hand and laughed her sweet silvery laugh, and Harry Jermyn looked as if the sun was shining once again for him like the rest of the world.

So Humphrey was led up to the Queen, and kissed her hand, and performed his obeisance, and Henrietta made a graceful allusion to the conduct of his brigade at Newbury, and bantered him on "his new character," as she was pleased to term it, of a "Squire of Dames," and beckoning to Mary Cave, bid her reward her guardian for the care he had taken of her, by now placing him *au fait* to all the gossip of the Court, in which no one is better versed than thyself, *méchante Marie*," added the Queen, and so turned away to her own intrigues and her own devices, having made at least one heart happy amongst her courtiers, and bought its life-long devotion at the price of a little ready tact and a few light words.

Mary could not but be sensible of the influence she was rapidly obtaining over the young Cavalier captain. Women are usually sufficiently quick-sighted in these matters, and she was no exception in this respect to the rest of her sex. Grieved and unhappy as

she now was, her every hope destroyed, and the light of her life, as she felt, darkened forever, there was yet something soothing and consolatory in the considerate and unselfish devotion of this brave enthusiastic nature. She never considered that what was "sport to her" might be "death to him;" that whilst she was merely leaning on him as it were, for a temporary support, lulled and flattered by the romantic adoration which she felt she had inspired, *he* might be twining round his heart a thousand links of that golden chain which, when it is torn away, carries with it the lacerated fragments of the treasure it enclosed, might be anchoring all his trust and all his happiness on a dream, to wake from which might be a life's misery, might even be madness or death. "Children and fools," saith the proverb, "should not meddle with edged-tools." Are not all mankind more or less children, rather more than less fools? Why will they persist in cutting their own fingers; always ready to run the risk, however averse to paying the penalty? Mary thought but little of these things. If such a reflection did cross her mind, she saw in her victim a glorious instrument of the Cause—the Cause for which Falkland had died, the Cause to which she had vowed her life, her energies, her all! In the intoxicating atmosphere of a Court, amongst all the glitter of rank, and fame, and beauty, it seemed so natural to be wooed and idolized, so pleasant to possess the charm that subjugates all mankind, so noble to use it for a patriotic cause. They were placed in the embrasure of a window, somewhat apart from the throng. She was seated with her head resting on one rounded arm, over which a ringlet of her nut-brown hair fell to the dimpled elbow; he was standing by her side, leaning over her, and trembling in every fibre to the notes of her silvery voice; he, a stout swordsman, a gallant soldier, a young, strong, hearty man, and yet his cheek paled, and he withdrew his gaze every time she lifted her soft blue eyes to his face.

"We cannot fail," she said, "with such men as these on our side. See, Captain Bosville, look around you, the noblest names in England are gathered here to-night, and there is not one of them that will not risk his *all*, aye, and lose it too, contentedly, for the King. You men are strangely prejudiced," she added, looking up at him with a smile, "but you are



very devoted to your prejudices; if women are accused of being wilful, commend me at least to a man for obstinacy!"

"And does not perseverance deserve to be rewarded?" asked he, with a somewhat faltering voice. "If a man will devote himself body and soul, heart and energy, to the attainment of any one object, ought he not to prosper? Does he not always succeed?"

"Generally, if he is sufficiently obstinate," answered Mary, with a laugh, at which her companion's face brightened into a pleasant smile. "But self-devotion is indeed the noblest quality of a man. If there is one I admire more than all the rest of the world, it is he who can propose to himself a glorious end and aim in life, and who can strive for it through all obstacles, whatever be the danger, whatever the difficulty; who never takes his eyes from off the goal, and who, if he dies in the pursuit, at least dies stanch and unconquered to the last!"

"And such a one," exclaimed Bosville, with flashing eyes and quivering lip, "such a one could command your admiration, could win your love?"

"I said not that, Captain Bosville," she replied, but her countenance never changed color, and her eye never drooped, as it would once have done at words like these. He might have known then that she did not love him, that hers was the master-mind of the two; but he was blind, as those are always blind, who see through the glasses of their own wilful affections. "I said not that, but yet I may say that I never could care for one who lacked these qualities, and that if ever I could give my heart away, it would be to one such as I have described." She sighed heavily while she spoke, and turned her head away. He did not hear the sigh, his blood was boiling, and his brain confused. He did not see the cold, rigid face of the dead at Newbury; the face that was haunting his fair companion day by day; he did not see another sweet, pale face looking at him from her father's side in the very presence-chamber, singling him out from amongst the crowd of courtly gallants and beauteous dames, from the mass of silks and satins, and rustling brocade and flashing jewelry; a pale sweet face, with a mournful smile and a reproachful expression in its dark, fawn-like eyes. No, he had thoughts but for one, and the fingers that closed upon his sword-hilt were white

with the pressure of his grasp, as he spoke almost in a whisper.

"And could such lifelong devotion win you, Mary, at the last? Will you accept life and fortune, and all, to give in return one little word, one word of kindness, encouragement, and hope?"

She smiled sweetly up at him; how could she do otherwise? She must have been more or less than woman not to feel at least gratified by such admiration as his, and yet it was the smile of pity rather than affection, such a smile as wreathes the lips of those who have lived out their life of passion here. "Hush," she said, "Captain Bosville. Loyalty before all; the King! the King!"

Even as she spoke a silence succeeded to the rustling of dresses and the hum of voices that had hitherto pervaded the presence-chamber, and a lane, formed by the bowing crowd, and extending from the large folding doors up to the Queen herself, heralded the approach of royalty. A lane formed of the noblest and the best-born in England, of whom not one man or woman that bent the head in loyal reverence, but would have laid that head willingly to rest in the field, or forfeited it on the scaffold, for the sake of the unfortunate monarch who now paced up the hall, returning the obeisance of his subjects with the dignified and melancholy sweetness which never, even in his worst misfortunes, for an instant deserted him.

Bosville was not familiar with the person of his Sovereign; he had now an opportunity of studying the aspect of that man—a mere man like himself, after all, whose rank invested him with a magical interest that commanded the fortunes and the lives of his subjects. Charles bore on his whole exterior the impress of his character,—nay more—to a fanciful observer there was something in his countenance and manners that seemed to presage misfortune. Of no stately presence, he had yet a well-knit and graceful figure, hardened and trained into activity by those sports and exercises in which he had acquired no mean proficiency. Few of his subjects could vie with their monarch in his younger days at the games of balloon, rackets, or tennis; could handle the sword more skillfully, or ride "the great horse" with fairer grace and management; even at middle age, despite a trifling and scarcely perceptible malformation of the limbs, his pedestrian powers were such as to

inconvenience to a great extent those dutiful courtiers who were compelled to keep pace with him in his walks, and although in his childhood of a weakly constitution, he had acquired before he grew up a firm and vigorous *physique* that was capable of sustaining, as he afterwards proved repeatedly in his unfortunate career, not only the extremes of bodily fatigue and hardship, but what is infinitely more hard to bear, the gnawing and destructive anxieties of daily failure and disappointment. But in Charles' face a physiognomist would too surely have discovered the signs of those mixed qualities which rendered him the most ill-fated of monarchs as he was the most amiable of men. There was ideality without comprehensiveness in the high, narrow forehead, there was vacillation in the arched and elevated eyebrow, the full, well-cut eye was clear and open and beautiful, but its expression was dreamy and abstracted, the gaze of a sage, a philosopher, or a devotee, not the quick, eager glance of a man of action and resource. His other features were well formed and regular, but the upper lip was somewhat too curled and full for masculine beauty, whilst the jaw lacked that expression of power and firmness which is never absent from the face of a truly great man. His long, dark locks curling down upon his shoulders, his bushy moustache and pointed beard, added to the pleasing yet melancholy expression of his countenance, and with his rich attire, his magnificent lace collar, and jewelled "George" hanging about his neck, perfected the ideal of a chivalrous, high-minded monarch, who was worthy of the position he occupied and the devotion he commanded, who was no unfit centre around which grouped themselves the proudest, the bravest, the noblest, the most enthusiastic aristocracy that ever failed to save a sovereign.

They were thronging about him now. The chivalrous and princely Newcastle, who lavished fortunes for his monarch's entertainment as ungrudgingly as he poured forth his blood in his service; splendid in his apparel, stately in his person, magnificent in his bearing, a true specimen of the English nobleman; a Paladin in the field, a *grand seigneur* in the drawing-room, kindly and frank and hearty in each; wooing the Muses with no contemptible success during the intervals of his eventful career, and charging the Parliamentary troopers with a resolute energy that

made the "silken general," as they were pleased to term him, the terror of all. Respected by the Prince of Wales, whose boyhood had been committed to his care, trusted by the Queen, who found in him all those noble sentiments she most admired and looked for in vain amongst her other favorites, and beloved by Charles himself, who recognized in him the more splendid qualities of Buckingham, without Buckingham's selfishness, recklessness, and Protean vacillation of character. And we are best acquainted with Newcastle now as the author of a folio book upon horsemanship!

The scientific Leicester, skilled in classic lore, and a better mathematician than a soldier, as indeed the certainty of results exacted by the one is far removed from the hap-hazard readiness of resource indispensable to the other. Somewhat jealous, it may be, and displeased that his appointment to the Lieutenancy of Ireland had been cancelled, yet faithful in his heart to his Sovereign, and bearing next that heart a panacea for all bitterness and ill-feeling in a letter from his loving Countess, whose devoted attachment to the Earl was as proverbial in a Court more notorious for complicated intrigue than conjugal fidelity, as was that of the celebrated lady whose lord was alone qualified to drink out of the "cup of gold" which stood on King Arthur's round table, and which, if we are to believe the scandal of the old romances, spilt its contents over every beard save that of Caradoc, so rare in those days was the crown which virtuous women placed upon the brows of their husbands.

The courtly Wilmot, a professed wit, a finished gentleman, addicted to wine and debauchery, but a cool and scientific soldier, continually laboring under some imputation against his courage, which he was as continually wiping out by daring strategy and brilliant achievements. Looked upon with dislike by the Court, which yet feared him for the sting of his ready tongue, and mistrusted by the King, who nevertheless employed him on the most important duties, he seemed to rely solely on himself; and whilst his serene visage and equable demeanor totally repudiated all romance and enthusiasm, the repose and self-confidence of his bearing denoted the man who was all in all to his own requirements, *totus teres atque rotundus*, impassable as a Stoic and contented as an Epicurean.

Different, indeed, from his next neighbor, who was describing to him, with a vast amount of action and energy, completely thrown away upon Wilmot's unresponsive apathy, a new-fashioned handle for that goodly weapon, the pike. Sir Jacob Astley was no cool philosopher, no sneering cynic, but a warm-hearted, warm-blooded, bold, hearty, and God-fearing man. A devoted soldier, an active and judicious officer, a conscientious councillor; whatever his hand found to do that did he with all his heart and all his soul. Threescore winters and more had shed their snows upon his head, and wherever hard blows were going he had taken fully his share, yet his eye was bright, his cheek was ruddy, and his frame was still square and strong. A good conscience is a wondrous specific for longevity; and who but a soldier with a good conscience could have offered up Sir Jacob's famous prayer at the head of his column before the Battle of Edgehill,—“O Lord! though knowest how busy I must be this day; if I forget thee do not thou forget me. March on, boys!”

Towering over Sir Jacob's gray head, his eagle eye wandering far away into the distance, looking beyond that courtly web of silk and satin, and his tall figure resting on his long, straight sword, stood Prince Rupert—the fiery Hotspur of his day, the cavalry officer whose charge was always victorious, and whose victory always terminated in defeat; of whom it has been said that he never failed to win “his share of the battle,” yet whose success, by some fatality, invariably led to the discomfiture of his friends. The active partisan, whose element seemed to be war, and who had buckled on a sword and ridden side by side with distinguished generals and fierce troopers at an age when most boys are flying a kite or trundling a hoop; who, failing employment on land, was fain to seek bloodshed and fighting at sea, embarking on the duties of an admiral with the same bold recklessness that had equally distinguished him at the head of a column of iron-clad cavalry, or charging with a handful of Cavaliers in his shirt; and who, when the sea refused to offer him opportunities of distinction, as the land had long ago failed to give him scope for his ambition, could sit down contentedly in a peaceful capital, and occupy himself with the gentle resources of chemistry and painting.

His high, aquiline features, according so well with a stature which, though light and sinewy, approached the gigantic, his broad, clear, restless eye, and his wide, massive brow, shaded as it was by a profusion of somewhat tangled hair, denoted the man of courage and action, the gallant spirit that knew no calculation of odds, the indomitable heart that acknowledged neither failure nor reverse. Sir Jacob had better have been talking to the Prince about his pike handles, for Rupert, like every real soldier, took a lively interest in them, as he had a thorough knowledge of details; but in his heart the old man thought the young one somewhat hot-headed and inexperienced, so he would rather not enter upon a discussion in which he would feel tempted to disagree with his Sovereign's nephew. He had seen him tried too, and he could not but acknowledge that “the lad,” as he called him, was brave and active, a zealous captain and a shrewd tactician, but he had one fault which elderly men are apt to consider unpardonable in their juniors, although it is a fault which improves every day—he was *too young*.

So Prince Rupert stood musing all alone amongst that brilliant assemblage; gazing, in his mind's eye, on many a scene of rout and confusion, many a fancied skirmish and remembered victory; the broken enemy, the maddened troopers striking right and left with the savage recklessness of fiends; the compact columns of the reserve sweeping up like some strong wave to complete the destruction which has been commenced by its predecessors; the wild hurrah of victory rising loud and stirring above the ringing pistol-shots, and the tramp of squadrons, and the groans of the fallen; the loose chargers, with streaming reins, galloping at random here and there; the plumes, and scarfs, and glittering steel of the Cavaliers waving and flashing through the smoke; all the fierce revelry and confusion of the battle he was picturing in his day-dream. Suddenly he started, and turned round to address one after his own heart, to greet him with the frank cordiality peculiar to men of the sword. Sir Ralph Hopton, maimed and disabled, scorched and scarred by the explosion of a powder-barrel at the Battle of Lansdowne, and only just capable of hobbling on crutches to pay his respects to the King, stood close to the Prince's elbow, and the dream of battle van-

ished, and the reality of warfare became more tangible as the two stanch, keen soldiers plunged into a deep and interesting discussion on the one absorbing interest of their lives.

And again Prince Rupert started, and the color rose to his high, broad forehead, and the eagle eye moved restlessly in its orbit. And to Sir Ralph's question upon the new cavalry formations lately introduced on the Continent, he returned an incoherent answer that hugely astonished the practical soldier, for the Queen, with her bevy of ladies, was moving through the hall; and as she approached the spot where her husband's nephew had stationed himself, one of the fair dames in attendance shot a glance at Prince Rupert that confused him far more than could have done a volley of small-arms; and the beautiful Duchess of Richmond passed on like some fairy vision, and Rupert was restless and uneasy for the rest of the night.

Yes; if the King was surrounded by a band of high-minded and sincere noblemen, ready to risk life and fortune in his cause, the Queen too, on her side, had provided herself with a body-guard of beauty, none the less stanch and uncompromising in the politics they espoused, that for push of pike and sweep of sword-blade they used the more fatal weapons, of grace and fascination, with which they were familiar, dissolving alliances with the flutter of a fan, and scattering coalitions with the artillery of a glance. Merry Mrs. Kirke was there with her sparkling eyes and her dimpled smile, passing her jest, somewhat of the broadest, and laughing her laugh, somewhat of the loudest, with the daring freedom and conscious immunity of an acknowledged beauty. There, too, was lovely Lady Isabella Thynne, whose dignity and grace, and sweet romantic charms, were said by the voice of scandal to have made an impression even on the true uxorious heart of Charles himself. That Henrietta felt no jealousy of this dangerous lady, no mistrust in her hold over the affections of her doting husband, may be gathered from the confidence with which she encouraged her about her person, and the opportunities of unreserved intercourse she afforded her with the King. Was the lively Frenchwoman a stranger to this feminine failing of jealousy? or was she like Queen Guenever, who was willing to concede the liberty she enacted, and who, lenient

"To human frailty, constructed mild,  
Looked upon Lancelot, and smiled?"

And there too, in her weeds for her gallant young husband, moved the graceful form of Kate, Lady D'Aubigny, the young and interesting widow, who was weeping for the untimely fate of her chivalrous lord, yet whose witty sallies flashing occasionally through the gloom that overshadowed her, argued her not altogether inconsolable, and who was lending an ear already, with something more than a mere courteous interest, to Hawley's tender whispers and respectful adoration.

And fair "Mistress Watt" stood by and seemed not to listen, and refrained, with congenial hypocrisy, from what she would have termed the offence of "spoiling sport." Pretty Mistress Watt! who had often herself been indebted to such consideration on the part of others, and whose charming face and lively manners and matchless impudence had conferred upon her a station at Court and an influence amongst courtiers, to which neither her birth nor her attainments would have entitled her, had she simply been demure and virtuous, instead of charming and good-for-nothing.

But of all intriguers of the gentler sex—of all traitresses in love, friendship, and politics—who could compare with the soft, quiet, innocent-looking woman who now stood next the Queen, and to whom Henrietta confided the inmost counsels of her husband, as she did the dearest secrets of her own heart? Lucy, Countess of Carlisle, with her dove-like eyes and her sweet angelic smile, was formed by nature to have deceived the very Serpent that tempted our mother Eve. How madly had ambitious Strafford loved that calm, fair face! how had the harassed statesman, the impeached and fallen minister, rested on the love she had professed for him, as a solace for all his sorrows, a refuge from all his dangers. For her he toiled, for her he was ambitious, for her he was long triumphant—and she betrayed him—first in love, then in politics; betrayed him into the hands of his enemy, and transferred her affections to his destroyer. Who shall say that the bitterest drop in his cup, deserted as he felt himself by his Sovereign, and deceived by his peers, was not poured into it by the hand of the woman he had adored?

"Keen were his pangs, but keener far to feel  
He nursed the pinion that impelled the stool;



And the same plumage that had warmed his nest,  
Now drank the life-drops from his bleeding breast."

So she sacrificed him ruthlessly, and abandoned herself to the caresses of his enemy. And there was something about this woman that could subjugate even a busy voluptuary like Pym, one who combined in his own person the two most hardened of all characters—the professed politician and the confirmed sensualist. He was as devoted to her as his natural organization would allow of his being devoted to anything; and when she had thoroughly won him and subjugated him, and he trusted her, why, she deceived him too. And so she followed out her career of treachery, disloyal as a wife, heartless as a mistress, and false as a friend. Yet of all the ladies about the Court, the Countess of Carlisle had most influence with the Queen, was most conversant with her innermost thoughts, her secret intentions; was the busiest weaver of that web of intrigues and dissimulation in which Henrietta, to do her justice, took as much delight as any Arachne of her sex.

And all this glitter and pageantry, these beautiful women, these noble and distinguished men, passed before the eyes of Humphrey Bosville like a dream. Young as he was, scarcely a thrill of conscious pride shot through him to be recognized and kindly accosted by Prince Rupert as the daring soldier whose value was readily and generously acknowledged by the frank and outspoken Prince. Not an inch higher did he hold his head, to be conscious that amongst all these heroes and warriors he was of them as well as with them; that he too had a station and a name, and a chance of distinction that might raise him to a level with the proudest. Nay, when old Colepepper brought him up to the sacred circle of which Majesty itself formed the centre, and with a glow of good-natured gratification on his scarred visage recalled him to the monarch's memory, and Charles pleasantly reminded him of their last meeting at his simple bivouac, the day after Newbury, scarcely a flush of gratified vanity colored the cheek of the young Cavalier. And no courtier of twenty years' standing could have sustained with a more unmoved air the favoring notice of the King, and the still more confusing glances from the bevy of beauties that sur-

rounded the Queen, and on whom Humphrey's handsome exterior made no unpleasing impression.

"Who is he?" whispered Mr. Hyde to Lady Carlisle, bending his stiff and somewhat pompous figure to approach that dame, with the air of a finished gallant—an air the lettered and accomplished historian much affected, with indifferent success—an air that somehow is less easily caught by the brotherhood of the pen than those of the sword. "Who is he, this imperturbable young gentleman, who seems as little affected by his Majesty's condescension as by the glances of your ladyship's dazzling and starlike eyes?"

Lady Carlisle laughed under the skin, but she was civil and conciliatory to all. It was part of her system never to throw a chance away; so she professed her ignorance with a gracious sentence and a sweet smile, and such a glance from the eyes he had praised as sent Mr. Hyde away delighted, and convinced that he had made a conquest. Truly, "the wisest clerks are not the wisest men."

And yet Humphrey had his dream too. Was he not young; and is it not the privilege of youth to lay up a store of disappointment for maturity? His dream was of distinction truly, and of laurels to be gathered, and honors to be gained; but it was not selfish distinction; and the honors and the laurels were but to be flung at the feet of another. And then the dream was to have a happy conclusion. Peace and repose and happiness he hardly dared to fancy, after he had done his duty and completed his task. A home of Love and Beauty and Content; a pair of blue eyes that would always smile kindly upon him—that would always make his heart leap, as it leaped to meet them now. A form that he adored entrusted to his guardianship, sleeping and waking to watch over and care for, and cherish to the end. After that, a purer and holier, a more lasting but not more ardent love, in another and a better world.

Dreams! dreams! Yet of all the dreamers that left Merton College that night—the scheming statesmen, the ambitious warriors, the intriguing courtiers—perhaps Humphrey was the one whose vision most elevated his moral being; whose awakening, unlike that of the others, bitter as it must be, would leave him, if a sadder, at least a wiser and a better man.

From Chambers's Journal.

### THE POETRY OF MIDDLE AGE.

ALTHOUGH we have good authority for the belief that "the Poetry of Life is never dead," the general opinion has been always slow to credit it. Poetry is thought to be to Youth very much as the measles are to Childhood; it rarely makes upon us a second attack, and still more seldom seizes us for the first time, in Maturity. When a gentleman gets round, and bald, and addicted to dropping asleep for a few minutes after dinner, it seems to be universally agreed upon that he had better give up the writing of verses. It is held, indeed scarcely decorous for a professional man of any standing to devote even his leisure hours to the muse. We are told that Mr. Samuel Rogers' second volume of poems lost the banking-house one of its richest clients. The gentleman incontinently withdrew his money from the custody of a firm, one of whom was openly and unblushingly addicted to—rhyming. "Sir," affirmed he, when remonstrated with, "if I knew that my banker had ever even *said* a good thing, I would close my account with him the next morning." To have written such, and in verse too, was in his eyes almost a declaration of insolvency. The world certainly shares in this opinion to a considerable extent. Our few professional bards are alone permitted to be exceptions to the rule, and that is rather because, by virtue of their calling, they are not supposed to grow old at all. The idea of "old Mr. Tennyson"—although by the mere register the Laureate must be "getting up in years," as one of his parodists has it—is little short of blasphemous, and not to be entertained by a cultivated mind.

"What are myrtles and wreaths to the brow that is wrinkled?"

They're like a dead flower with May-dew besprinkled."

says a poet, who himself was not permitted to see forty summers; after that epoch, it is "winters" only which bards see, if their own writings are to be evidence. The late decision at the Crystal Palace, which adjudged the first laurel to a young lady, and the second to a boy sixteen years of age, will confirm the above opinion.

Still, it seems strange that Life should form poetical materials to those only who have never experienced its trials; that Love should only be sung of before marriage; that death should be mourned in song, only by

those who have never lost a child. We have, however, in the volume before us,\* a protest of the most persuasive kind against this inconsistency—a book more pregnant with solemn feeling, with loving, calm philosophy, than any we have met with since the *In Memoriam*. The glow from the embers of the hearth-fire flickers upon every page; not brightly, nor even cheerfully, but leaving half in that suggestful shadow far dearer, sylvan, and clearer to the tried human heart than any light. Gracefulness and tender feeling are the characteristics of the author rather than power, but that is no reason why such lays as his should lack a welcome. He himself answers the question of "Wherefore more verses?" when already poetry overwhelms us like the wondrous growths of some hot climate—"the foliage rife of smothering summers faint with musk and thyme"—and in a very satisfactory manner.

"There is no waste. Let the eternal gold  
From genius' mint be scattered myriadfold:  
Never a star was launched but its fine rays  
Took some small shade of darkness from the  
night;

The stream that sings unseen among the ferns  
Bears welcome increase to the ocean's might;  
Even the minutest flower the sense discerns  
Enriches all the breaths of summer days."

Here follows an experience of loss such as a juvenile poet could scarcely have met with, and in attempting to describe which, he would have been pretty sure to have overstepped the modesty of nature. There is here, however, no storm of despair, but only the calm sympathy of a feeling man for a friend's irreparable grief. The rhythm has the ease and grace of Tennyson, the master of that school of which our author is at least one of the head-boys, the pupil-teachers. It is called *Passed away*.

"Peace dwells at last with poor Elizabeth,  
Wife of my trusted friend. The end has  
come.

There is no tremulous voice to call him home;  
And yet he goes, and sits alone with death,  
Though useless now his tender ministries,  
There is no fretting at his absence now;  
Yet sits he by her side, and sadly tries  
To gather soothing from her tranquil brow  
And stony bosom without pulse or breath.

"The fevered watching has been all in vain;  
The struggle now has ended in defeat:  
Yet in her aspect is a rest so sweet  
That were she waked she might again com-  
plain.

Oh who could wish to wring her human heart  
With one pang more? But past is every  
fear:

Stilled by the mystery that would not start

\* *Lays of Middle Age*. By James Hedderwick.  
Macmillan, Cambridge and London.

Although a cannon thundered at her ear—  
Although her little infant cried with pain.

"Ah me! that one so beautiful should die!  
Full on her widowed husband ere she went,  
Like light within a shattered tenement,  
Lingered the last love-lustre of her eye.  
On the vague threshold of the unseen life  
She paused; then feebly from her finger took  
The golden circlet of the mortal wife,  
Placed it on his, with re-assuring look,  
And wedded him to immortality.

Our next extract is also a picture which could scarcely have been drawn by very youthful fingers. How lifelike, how every-day lifelike it is! How few of us but number among our acquaintances at least one such as its original!

## ALONE.

"So Reginald is still a bachelor—  
Not young, yet youthful—studious of his ease—

His only thought how best himself to please.  
Of richest wines he has an endless store:  
These are his pride, and oft as lovingly  
As they were children he will tell their age.  
His city house, his mansion by the sea,  
Alternately his jovial hours engage.  
So great his wealth it hourly groweth more.

"A little luck, a little keen address,  
A little kindly help in time of need,  
A little industry and touch of greed,  
Have made his life a singular success;  
And he asks homage for his splendid gains,  
Paying the flattery in meats and drinks!  
Applauding friends he daily entertains,  
To ease him of himself. Sometimes he thinks  
If he were poor his friends might love him less.

"Gray-headed Reginald! he has royal parts,  
And in all circles fills an honored seat.  
Yet vain for him are maidens' accents sweet:  
At wedded slavery and henpecked hearts  
He jeers and laughs; though, when the nights are cold,  
The tables empty, and he feels alone,  
A memory breaks of purer joys of old;  
And, selfish to the last, he thinks of one  
Who might have soothed him with her gentle arts!"

There is a certain pity lingering about these verses which would give a cynical mind the notion that a woman had written them; but it is only that touch of feminine feeling with which all poets—except those of theology and war—are dowered. Among the Miscellaneous Poems at the end of the volume there is one called *Home Trial*, very full of this, and more affecting even than that famous one written upon the same subject—the death of a child—by Dr. Moir. It is indeed as a poet of human experience, as the graceful chronicler of events which occur after the meridian of life is passed, as the photographer of humanity, taking his stand-point on the summit

of that hill—to borrow a metaphor from our author himself—whose sunny side Youth is climbing, and whose shadowy side Age is descending, that we are mainly concerned with Mr. Hedderwick. He describes no passions, no aspirations, no despairs. His themes are such as these. A young man who has sought a warmer clime to cure him of an incurable consumption, and who writes home the most hopeful letters, each one more confident than the last—until one comes in the handwriting of a stranger, and tells the end, which every one, but the victim himself, knew beforehand must needs be. Again, a painter, with a starving family, portraying very brilliantly on canvas *A Dream of Paradise*, the only sunshine in his poor bare room; the adverse criticism written by the unthinking scribe, which damns it; and all the misery of insufficient talent and a mistaken profession.

Things like these common enough, too common, the poet treats of—all more or less familiar in reality with those who have gone any distance upon Life's populous road—but enriched in the telling with a certain patient pathos and not uncheerful philosophy. The last poem, upon *Middle Age* itself, is as thoughtful, complete, and appropriate as can well be.

"Fair time of calm resolve—of sober thought!  
Quiet, half-way hostelry on life's long road,  
In which to rest and re-adjust our load!  
High table-land, to which we have been brought

By stumbling steps of ill-directed toil!  
Season when not to achieve is to despair!  
Last field for us of a full fruitful soil!  
Only spring-tide our freighted aims to bear  
Onward to all our yearning dreams have sought!

"How art thou changed! Once to our youthful eyes

Thin, silvering locks and thought's imprinted lines,  
Of sloping age gave weird and wintry signs;  
But now these trophies ours, we recognize  
Only a voice faint-rippling to its shore,  
And a weak, tottering step as marks of eld.  
None are so far but some are on before:  
Thus still at distance is the goal beheld,  
And to improve the way is truly wise.

"Farewell, ye blossomed hedges! and the deep,  
Thick green of Summer on the matted bough!  
The languid Autumn mellows round us now:  
Yet fancy may its vernal beauties keep,  
Like holly leaves for a December wreath.  
To take this gift of life with trusting hands,  
And star with heavenly hopes the night of death,  
Is all that poor humanity demands  
To lull its meaner fears in easy sleep."

We believe that some lines in those three last quoted verses would not have disgraced the name of any poet of this century.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

THE DUCHESS OF ORLEANS.\*

It is rare, in the present non-emotional days, for any princess to endure such a romance of misery as fell to the lot of Helen of Orleans, whose death gave the crushing blow to the already direly tried family of Louis Philippe. As a young and lovely bride, all smiled on her; but only a few years of wedded felicity were allowed her. She was forced into the consciousness that even princesses may be too happy in their life, and have to undergo a bitter penalty for past years of felicity. In the midst of her wedded joy her husband was torn from her; and not long ere the kind-hearted relations who had striven so zealously to console her were driven to seek shelter in a foreign country. Even then she had hopes; she believed her son would yet mount the throne of France; but too soon the conviction was forced upon her that all was lost. With the elevation of Napoleon III. to the imperial throne the deposition of the Bourbons was irrevocably sealed, and Helen of Orleans yielded to her despair. Up to that time, the hope of seeing her beloved boy recalled to the throne of France by the voice of the nation had, in a measure, reconciled her to the burden of life, but so soon as the fiat had gone forth—when France had expressed her unanimous rejection of the royal race—the duchess sank beneath the blow. Gradually she faded away, although seeking forgetfulness in change of scene, and striving to bury the past in the education of her sons; but it was all of no avail. She had the ineffable consolation of seeing her first-born grow up all that the fondest mother could desire, and she was only too ready to leave a world which had been a source of bitterness for so many years, and in which she felt that her presence was no longer wanted. A loving hand has given us the memorials of her life, and drawn an admirable picture of a lady who would have been an honor to any family, and who, in happiness or in misery, never once failed to herself. To Helen of Orleans we are justified in applying the words of Ben Jonson:—

"Death, ere thou hast slain another  
Learn'd and fair and good as she,  
Time shall hurl a dart at thee."

The Princess of Mecklenburg, born in 1814

\* Madame la Duchesse d'Orléans, Hélène de Mecklenbourg-Schwérin. Paris: Levy. London: Jeffs. 1859.

was the granddaughter of that Prince of Weimar who was the friend of Schiller and Goethe, and of that Princess Louise, whom Napoleon, no respecter of intellectual ladies, was forced to allow "the only princess he had found in Germany." After the disastrous battle of Jena, this lady presented her diamonds to her desolated country, but the Estates only accepted them as a loan, and they eventually descended to the subject of our memoir. With such relations as these to form her mind, it is not surprising that the young princess grew up a pattern of all feminine graces and virtues, and so soon as she entered society, she gained the heart of all who formed her acquaintance. Even the Dauphiness of France, who met her at Töplitz, was compelled to lay aside her frigidity on behalf of this charming young creature, and always after took a kindly interest in her welfare. More important for the tenor of her life, however, was the introduction to her of the French minister, M. Brisson, whose reports to his court led to Louis Philippe eventually selecting the young princess as the bride of his eldest son.

But even at this early age, the princess was fated to endure the pang of separation from a dearly beloved brother. According to the author of the Memoir, it is probable that the agony she endured on this occasion taught her how to assume a feigned serenity, and gave her the power of enduring her future calamities with such marvellous patience. In 1836, the Duke of Orleans visited Berlin, and so gained on the affection of the old king, that he quite made up his mind that he was the only European prince worthy to win and wear so fair a jewel as his darling little princess Helen. On this hint the duke spoke; and although the Duke of Mecklenburg was strongly disinclined to the match (perhaps from some foreboding of the misery it would entail on a beloved sister), the princess was so affected by the letter sent her by her royal suitor, that any opposition was futile. The marriage contract was signed on the 5th of April, 1837, and on the 15th the princess quitted Ludwigslust, accompanied by her mother. The parting from her home was mingled with sunshine and clouds, and she evidenced her feelings in the following lines, which she traced on one of the windows:—

"So lebe wohl, du stilles Haus!  
Ich zieh' betrübt von dir hinaus;



Und blüht mir fern ein schönes Glück,  
Ich denke gern an dich zurück!"

The writer of the Memoir gives us the following affectionate description of the princess, just prior to her marriage:—

"In truth, the inexpressible charm of her countenance pleased at first sight. Even if none of her features were prominently attractive, there was so much harmony and nobility in her whole appearance, that all eyes were fixed upon her with a lively interest, and could not be again detached. Her gentle and yet penetrating glance seemed to seek the thoughts in those addressing her. Her tender and kindly smile, and an expression at one moment brilliant, and then full of affectionate emotion, were the reflex of her mind, and vividly revealed the impression caused by every word addressed to her. Although a rare distinction ever recalled her rank, of which she never thought, it may be said that the feeling which she inspired was that of sympathy. At a later date, when sorrow had assailed her under every form, the extreme mobility of her face was veiled by a tinge of sorrow and gentleness: her glance, although equally animated and more touching, solicited a word of hope. Lastly, the agitation of her mind, which was only restrained by an extreme firmness of will, was betrayed by a more hurried movement, although it ever remained graceful and dignified."

The princess was received most heartily by the French, and her route to Paris was one long ovation, and the years immediately following her marriage were full of delight. In 1838, we find her writing to a friend on the anniversary of her marriage: "At present my heart is more happy and grateful than ever. It is one of those days hailed with new emotion on each recurrence. What a difference from last year! All my hopes are realized, and I have fresh ones which attach me to the future. A deep and true affection, of which I had scarcely a feeling on that day, now rooted in my heart, my position towards my family established on a solid basis, and as regards my new country, justified by coming hopes—such are subjects for gratitude, some of which you foretold, but which have gained greater extension than even your dear heart or that of my mother could have anticipated, or myself formed an idea of. It is now two o'clock. At that hour last year I was surrounded by all the luxury of my wedding trousseau. What a burden weighed me down! This luxury has since become a matter of indifference to me, and I have learned

to regard that which oppressed me as a condition to be accepted, of which I had to learn the real value. Then the evening—the marriage ceremonies, which caused me pain by the spirit that presided over them, and which yet assured my happiness. Oh! what a reminiscence! what a difference! Let us together thank the Deity who overpowers me with his blessings, and has given to my life an object so great, so noble, and so important. It seems as if he grants me too much happiness; and though I feel it surpasses all I deserve, I accept it with gratitude, and hope to enjoy it in the fulness that is granted me." These feelings of happiness were augmented by the domestic life the young princess led with the royal family. A portion of the morning was spent in the queen's room, where each of the princesses had a work-table. Here the king frequently joined them, and read them the news of the day. In the evening the duchess was by the queen's side till they retired to their private apartments, when she spent several hours in reading to or with her husband. To a girl brought up in the simplicity of a German court there must have been something inexpressibly charming in the family circle which Louis Philippe collected around him. At times, however, the princess would go to the palace at Chantilly and give fêtes, in which she joined with all the innocent delight of girlhood, and charmed all present by her gayety and gentleness. But these occasions were rare: for the duchess was truly pious, and reproved herself with wasting time in amusements, which she could not but regard as frivolous, inasmuch as they occupied much valuable time which she could devote to the comfort of the home circle.

In the midst of these simple pleasures two children were born to the duchess, and she would have enjoyed unalloyed happiness, had it not been for the wretched feeling that brooded over the whole family as to the king's life. On the ninth attempt at assassination, in 1841, she expressed her feelings of gratitude for the king's escape by rushing into the room where the Count of Paris was receiving a lesson: "Fall on your knees," she said, "and thank Heaven with me." These repeated alarms at length produced in the duchess a feeling of vague terror as to her own plethora of happiness. A letter written from Dreux, in July, 1841, expresses the trouble which constantly assailed her. "I saw here

for the first time the tomb of my poor sister-in-law. I saw, too, the vaults which will receive us all some day: where so many tears will be shed, and where mine will, perhaps, precede my ashes. All these thoughts, by giving me a very serious feeling, lead me to entrust myself once more, and with perfect confidence, to the care of my Saviour." The year passed away without any fresh alarm; the duchess grew every day more proud of her husband, and was delighted to find the king entrusting many important matters to his charge, and the only check on their happiness was that the health of the duchess compelled a visit to Plombières and a short separation from her husband. On the 3rd of July, 1842, they left Neuilly together, although the duke could only stay away from the camp for a few days. On the trajet a ghastly incident occurred, when we bear in mind the impending catastrophe:—

"While crossing the outer boulevard, the party passed before a cemetery, the entrance to which was adorned with little bouquets of immortelles, and other funeral ornaments. 'I detest those tradesmen who make a profit of sorrow,' said the prince. 'See,' he continued, as he glanced at the several inscriptions, 'they have provided for every thing: here are crowns for a young girl, here are others for a child.' These words affected the princess, whose thoughts doubtless turned to her absent children; and her eyes filled with tears. The prince smiled, and, taking her hand, said, 'Well, then, it shall not be for a child, but perhaps for a man of two-and-thirty.' She immediately raised her eyes, and reproached him affectionately for dissipating one sad thought by an image even more sorrowful. But he soon succeeded in cheering her, and the last journey they took together ended gaily."

On the 7th July, the duke left Plombières for a short separation, and, on the 14th the duchess had so far recovered her strength that she could go to the valley of Girarmé and spend some hours in a peasant's hut, where a shepherd played to her on a clumsy guitar. It was late when she returned to Plombières, her hands filled with flowers she had culled on the road, and she went up to dress for dinner. Madame de Montesquiou was also at her toilette, when a servant told her that General Baudrand wished to speak to her immediately. Her first thought was that the king had been assassinated, but on joining the general she learned the fatal truth: the Duke of Orleans

was dead! A hurried consultation was held with the physicians, who gave it as their opinion that the sudden shock would kill the princess. Hence the prefect proceeded to prepare a telegraphic dispatch, announcing the serious illness of the duke. The rest of the sad narrative must be told in the author's words:—

"Madame de Montesquiou, imploring that strength from Heaven which she could not find in herself, mounted the stairs leading to the princess's room. On reaching the door, she stopped for an instant. Through the thin curtain covering the glass she saw the princess giving the last touch to her toilette, and walk towards the door with a happy smile. Resting motionless against the wall, she could not utter the word which must destroy so much happiness. 'What! not dressed yet?' the princess said, gaily. 'But what is the matter with you?' she added, drawing nearer to her, 'you are very pale: what has occurred?' a misfortune in your family—your husband—your children—are they ill?' Madame de Montesquiou pressed her hands without speaking. This prolonged silence did not suggest the truth to the duchess. 'No, madame,' Madame de Montesquiou at length said, 'I have experienced no misfortune, but I am not the less unhappy. I have some news for your royal highness.' These words made her recoil. 'Good Heavens! what has occurred?' my children—the king—' 'Alas, madame, the prince royal is dangerously ill.' 'Oh! he is dead—I feel sure of it—tell me so!' and she fell on her knees with a piercing cry. 'O my God, have pity on me! do not permit him to die—you know that I shall not survive him!' She prayed for a few minutes, then asked for the dispatch, and read it several times. 'That is not the usual form of a telegraphic dispatch,' she said, as a doubt crossed her mind, which was soon dissipated by the prefect. Then she burst into tears. At length she rose with firmness, and said, 'I wish to set out immediately: perhaps I shall yet arrive in time to nurse him.' Orders were given for their departure. At times she regained hope. 'Perhaps I shall find him quite cured; oh! in that case I shall be well scolded: but how happy shall I feel to be scolded.' Then fear gained the upper hand: 'He is so afraid of causing me any anxiety, he must be very ill as he sends to let me know.' And her tears began flowing again."

At eight o'clock the mournful party left Plombières, but it was not till one the next morning that the duchess realized her loss. A carriage was seen coming from Paris, and M. Chomel, the royal physician, came up to

the princess, and announced her husband's death. He told her that the duke had been thrown from his carriage, and remained senseless till his death, only muttering at intervals a few words in German; then she turned to Madame de Montesquiou, and said, "You knew all, then; what courage you had!" For an hour the duchess remained on the high road, refusing to be comforted; then, as if moved by an inspiration, she set out for Paris at full speed: she must see the face of the dear one once again. A dreary day and night passed away ere the duchess reached Neuilly. The king received her with the words, "O my dear Helen, the greatest of misfortunes has overwhelmed my old age;" while the queen said, in her gentle tone of authority, "My beloved daughter, live for us and for your children." Thence they proceeded to the chapel where the body of the royal prince had been removed. The coffin was closed; the duchess knelt by its side, and, after a short prayer, she arose strengthened in mind, and proceeded to her apartments to assume that mourning garb which she never laid aside again. Those who saw her at that moment were struck by the rigidity and pallor of her face: life seemed to have deserted her, and she remained for a long time in a state of stupor, which caused grave apprehensions for her fragile health.

After a season of despair the widow determined to live for her children, and endured much agony of mind from the associations which were continually springing up around her. Possibly the greatest shock she received was at the Château d'Eu, when the entire royal family ran a narrow risk of drowning, as the horses of the *char-à-bancs* fell down twenty-five feet into the sea, but the traces broke just in time to save the party. In describing the occurrence to her friend, the princess could not refrain from avowing that some bitterness was mingled with her gratitude, when she thought how they had escaped by a miracle, while so slight an accident had robbed her of her husband.

And so the years sped on, the duchess bravely allowing the serpent of regret to prey on her vitals, while the world thought the wound was cicatrized. Up to this time she had been but a loving woman, living in and through her children, but their heritage was to be assailed: the *ides of March* were approaching. During all that stormy period

preceding the revolution of 1848 the duchess changed her character. She assumed a manliness most unsuited to her, but the welfare of her children was at stake: on their behalf she would have withstood the hydra of revolt. But her counsels were in vain: the king was servile and nervous, and the advisers who surrounded him were too full of their own selfish designs to care for the future of the young princes. Louis Philippe abdicated in behalf of his grandson, and the young widow was left alone to support his rights. And nobly did she perform that arduous task. Holding her children in either hand, she proceeded to the Chambers to try one desperate cast of the dice. We all know from Granier de Cassagnac's work how Lamartine, stung by motives of personal ambition, betrayed her cause, and how the Chamber was invaded by a mob of armed men, the tools of the unscrupulous republicans who thirsted for power. The danger was imminent: the duchess and her children must be saved at any hazard, and M. de Lasteyrie, aided by a company of National Guards, sought to force a passage for them.

"But during this time the crowd had grown more dense: the princess and her children were thrust against the folding door, and could not advance. Still she extricated herself; but before she could regain her children's hand in the gloom she was dragged onwards through the crowd to the presidential salon. On noticing there the absence of her children, she uttered shrieks of despair which could be heard above the surrounding tumult. The children had been kept back in the lobby by the crowd: the Duke of Chartres, thrown down and lost for an instant beneath the feet of the populace, had been taken up and carried to an adjoining house. A workman seized the Count of Paris and pressed him tightly in his arms, doubtlessly to defend him, but in the midst of noise, disorder, and darkness, every man distrusts his neighbor. The poor lad was torn from him and tossed from hand to hand as far as the corridor, when M. de Montguyon put him out of a window opening on a courtyard, and thus restored him to his mother."

At the sight of her son the duchess regained her presence of mind, and consulted with her friends as to the next steps to be taken. Eventually they proceeded to the Invalides in a carriage driven by M. de Lasteyrie, but there was no hope there. The governor, Marshal Molitor, begged the duchess to de-

part, as it was not a safe place for her and her son, but she replied nobly: "No matter, this spot is good enough to die in if we have no to-morrow: to remain in, if we can defend ourselves in it." Before long the Duke of Nemours joined her, and another consultation was held as to the mode of regaining ground. At midnight, however, an envoy arrived from Odilon Barrot to say all was lost for the royal cause, and she must fly. The princess yielded unwillingly to a stratagem which had been already tried with success on our James II. and on Charles X. But before deciding she said, "If there is a single person here who considers I ought to remain, I will do so. I think more of my son's life than of his crown, but if his life is necessary to France, a king, even one of nine years of age, must know how to die." At nine o'clock the next evening M. Barrot himself arrived, and joined his persuasions to those of the rest, and finally the duchess consented to leave Paris. She proceeded to the Château de Bligny after a narrow escape from the insurgents, and here, for the first time, in the solitude and want of comfort (for they did not dare light a fire), the duchess' high spirit failed her. She spent a night of agony, trembling at every sound, nor did she recover her equanimity till the next morning, when the Duke of Chartres was restored to her. Before the day was over the duchess acquired the certainty from the Duke of Nemours that all was lost, as far as the royalist cause was concerned, and consented to quit France. On crossing the frontier, the duchess burst into tears, and M. de Mornay, who accompanied her, could not restrain his own. "Our tears spring from different sources," she said to him; "you weep with joy at having saved us, and I from grief at quitting France, that country on which I call all the blessings of Heaven. Wherever I may die, let her know that the last beatings of my heart will be for her." Many years later, our author adds, the duchess revealed her love for her adopted country by saying, "When the thought occurs to me that I may never revisit France, I feel as if my heart were bursting." The first halting-place selected by the duchess was Eisenach, where an envoy, sent to her by the Queen of the Belgians, found her in a large, barn-like room, without fire, dressed in the same clothes she had worn on quitting the Tuileries—another Henrietta Maria! While isolated here, her heart bled

once again for the woes France was enduring. Thus nobly does she write on the 9th of July, 1848, to the friend with whom she maintained a constant correspondence through all her vicissitudes:—

"O, my dear friend, what agony! what punishment I have undergone during these four days of expectation, when the fate of France, of society, was being decided in Paris! when our friends were on the breach! when the families of those devoted to us in exile were incurring the greatest dangers! God has saved France, and spared our friends; I bless Him for it, and yet my heart is overwhelmed with sorrow. What a victory! in what an age do we live to be witness of such contests! But what energy has been displayed in resistance—what heroism, what constancy! If it were necessary that blood should flow, let us thank Heaven that it was not in the name of one of us. The men at present in power have saved France; they are re-establishing order, they are taking wise and energetic measures, but their time will not be long. I fear lest the country will have to go through successive crises before the authority is based on a solid foundation. Poor France! so great in her misfortunes as in her glory, both of which are ever in excess!"

These words were truly prophetic, and the events of the next year proved that France would never be secure until the authority was placed in the hands of a man who recognized the truth of her remarks. When the Emperor Napoleon was consolidated in power, and had the option of "calling cousins" with the old rulers of Europe, the Duchess of Orleans must have felt that the sins of the fathers were being, in her family, visited on the children, even to the second generation. Louis Philippe had alienated the friendship of his allies by his tortuous policy, and ended by forfeiting the affection of his people; and it was, undoubtedly, the remembrance of his own short-comings which induced him to resign his throne and the patrimony of his grandchildren, without striking a blow in their defence. He had been tried and found wanting, and his descendants cannot blame France if she prefer a ruler who defends her dignity honorably, and affords her by his straightforward conduct, the best guarantee of material prosperity.

In 1849 the Duchess paid her first visit to England to see her relations, whom she found comfortably established at Claremont. Louis Philippe had secured himself as far as wealth



was concerned, and was leading the life of a respectable country gentleman, for which he was best fitted. No ambitious thoughts troubled his mind; he lived entirely for and in his family, and he was as happy as he might expect to be. In this serenity of mind he ended his days, and was too soon followed by the amiable queen of the Belgians, whose death drew from the Duchess of Orleans the following painful letter:

"It would be useless to describe to you the utter desolation we all feel, after having lost our second earthly Providence! God has taken our angel from us: he knows what is good, but his designs are surely inscrutable. The misfortune that has assailed us does not alone affect our hearts; each day will cause us to feel its effect more deeply. We lament in her not only a friend, but a support. Since the guardian angel has no longer watched over me, isolation has again invaded my existence, and I resign myself to my dumb affliction, feeling afraid even to love ardently those still left me upon earth, for Heaven has, for the fourth time, deprived me of a being who possessed my entire affection. This gloomy thought causes me at times to tremble for my children, who are at present only an object of anxiety, but who, so soon as they become devoted friends may possibly undergo the fate which my love has brought upon other cherished beings. Do you blame these thoughts? Be indulgent, and only see in them the result of a succession of misfortunes; aid me in prayer, to soften the bitterness of the woes which chasten me. Could you but see our mother! could you but hear her words of submission and faith, which astonish our hearts! She solely lives for Heaven. Her only thought is to prepare herself to join her own in another world. She is a hundred feet above human suffering, for God supports and fortifies her. Alas! I give up all prospect of imitating her, and I pray Heaven to pardon me for the degree of sorrow into which this loss has plunged me."

The next blow the duchess received was the event of the 2nd of December, for that finally deprived her of all hope. Her feelings she thus expressed in writing: "Every thing hurts me, even the sanctity of the admirable queen. I am irritated because she displays no indignation. She has a word of indulgence, of charity, for every one. I cannot do it." In her febrile agitation she exaggerated the dangers to which her friends in France were exposed, and sent them various sums of money to support them in their exile. It is gratifying to find that the confiscation of the

Orleans property had no effect on the family circumstances.

In 1852, while travelling in Switzerland, the duchess and her sons had a narrow escape from drowning: their carriage was overturned near Lausanne into the lake, and the mother had her shoulder-blade broken, although the princes escaped. As soon as she was recovered she came to England, and settled in Devonshire, where her memory will long be blessed by the poor. From this time till 1857 the duchess had no other object than the education of her sons, and with them she visited many parts of Europe; at length she settled down at Thames Ditton, in the bosom of her family, and spent apparently the happiest months she had known since 1848, when death again assailed them. On the 13th November, the Duchess of Nemours died quite suddenly at Claremont of ill-omened memory. Equally painful to the duchess' feelings was the execrable attempt of the 14th January, which she describes in one of her letters as one of the most odious of all she had known, for she would never consent to profit by a crime.

In May, 1858, the duchess was obliged to give up her house at Thames Ditton, and hired Camborn House, at Richmond. Strangely enough, on entering it, she said that the portal resembled that of a tomb, but the prophecy had no effect on her spirits. On the 11th of the same month she was suffering from a cold, and took to that bed from which she never rose again. But she had no idea of her danger, nor, indeed, had any of those about her: colds are so common in England that no one cares for them. But, by degrees, that hacking cough, which presages evil, grew upon her; but even then she thought of others rather than herself. At a moment when the paroxysm was most painful, she asked her friend to hold her hands, which caused her some relief; but, turning immediately to the physician, she remarked, "It is not contagious?" Again, when she had grown much weaker, and M. de Mussy insisted on her taking wine, she turned to the nurse, and said, "You require strengthening, too; drink this wine," and she held out the glass to her. At last she died in her sleep—the greatest mercy that could be vouchsafed to her—and, on the physician entering the room, he found that the passage from this life to the next had been so gentle that the two nurses, who had their eyes fixed upon her, had not noticed any alteration in her features,

and on close examination it was found that she had only grown slightly more pallid than before.

"Her poor remains were watched for four days. Travellers who arrived from France asked to see her once again; they pressed into the room, praying and weeping for her who had so often welcomed them. She appeared to smile on them still; and none of those who saw her will ever forget the expression of peace and almost infantile youth which had returned to her countenance. She was at rest at last."

Yes, the troubled one found peace at length. She was buried at Weybridge, between the charming princess, whom Claremont still laments, and the king, whose virtues have been only learned since his death. Our author alludes to some ignoble dispute which caused the intervention of the bishop before her poor body could be consigned to its last resting-place; but we cannot credit it. Any country would be honored by becoming the last resting-place of such a woman as the deeply lamented Helen of Orleans.

We are glad to find that so touching a history as this will be presented to our readers in an English form, for it deserves close study. The name of the translator, Mrs. Austin, is a guarantee of the fidelity with which the work will be performed, and it could not have been entrusted to worthier hands. At the same time, we must express our regret that a contemporary should have condescended to regard these memoirs as a political pamphlet: on the contrary, after a careful perusal we can only regard them as a memorial worthily raised to a wife and mother deserving of all praise. There is no possibility of any Bourbon again ascending the throne of France;

such a consummation is beyond the wildest theories of speculation, and we believe that the family now residing in England have accepted their lot with patience. We regard these memoirs as a just tribute paid to the memory of a princess who behaved most nobly under the exceptional circumstances in which she was placed. She enjoyed a European reputation, and was regarded with admiration wherever she deigned to show herself. In England, it is needless to add, she was respected by the higher classes of society, and loved by the lower; for never, within the memory of man, has been known a princess so self-sacrificing and so devoted to the welfare of the poor. Her fatal illness, in fact, was produced by her habit of visiting in all weathers the pensioners of her bounty, for she could not sleep in comfort if she thought there was any one neglected whom her succor might save a few hours of misery.

We claim no special credit for the Duchess of Orleans as a princess; we would prefer her to be regarded in her greater attributes of a woman, and she will be found to stand the test nobly. It is an easy matter for those who possess to give from their superfluity, but it requires more for them to descend and mix among those unhappy beings who require assistance. And such Helen of Orleans was: her bounty was augmented a hundred-fold by the kindness with which she imparted it, and when the reminiscences of the Bourbons as a reigning power shall have faded away, the name of one of the family will be sanctified in memory as a further proof that "only the actions of the just smell sweet and blossom in the dust."

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AN English translation of Brillat-Savarin's celebrated work, the "*Physiologie du Goût*," will shortly be published under the title of "*The Art of Dining, Philosophically, Historically, and Theoretically Considered*," by L. F. Simpson, Esq., M.R.S.L. "Incomparably the completest essay on what may be termed the aesthetics of the dinner-table," observes Mr. A. Hayward in the second volume of his "*Essays*," "is the famous '*Physiologie du Goût*,' which ran rapidly through five or six editions, besides

reprints in Belgium. Its great charm consists in the mixture of wit, humor, learning, and knowledge of the world—*bons mots*, anecdotes, ingenious theories, and instructive dissertations—which it presents; and if, as is currently related, 'Walton's Angler' has made thousands turn fishermen we should not be at all surprised to hear that the '*Physiology of Taste*' had converted a still larger portion of the reading public into gastronomers.

From The Saturday Review.  
THE NEW VENISON.

THE splendid parks of England have always been one of her most striking features in the eyes of Continental visitors. Glorious in their hill and dale, their ferny brakes, their rich pastures, their rivers, and their mighty trees—relics, some of them, of primeval forests which have passed away—they present unequalled sanctuaries for beasts of the chase, and the multitude of our game is as characteristic as the localities in which they live. Here roam the fallow deer in such herds as can be seen in no other land. Here sometimes, too, as we see them at Windsor, the stately heads of the red deer tower above the dappled, silver-gray, or dark, dun hides of the smaller species—more frequently, however, living apart in a district of their own. And to these two species of deer, with the pheasant and the ordinary game of the country, the population of our parks is limited. But the fallow deer and the pheasant are acclimated animals—the latter being, in many parts of England, and everywhere in Scotland, of comparatively recent introduction. And if the fallow deer and pheasant have been acclimated so perfectly as to live under precisely the same conditions as if they were indigenous, why should not our catalogue include as many of the deer, and as many of the game birds of the temperate regions of the whole earth, as their individual beauty or quality for the table may make desirable? There is no reason to the contrary whatever. The owner of any deer-park in England may, if he chooses, have the luxury of at least a dozen species of deer and antelopes to adorn its glades; and every covert may have among its denizens, according to the capabilities of soil and aspect, three or four varieties of American or Asiatic winged game, in addition to the universal pheasant and the migratory woodcock.

In the park at Melton Constable, Lord Hastings has a herd of Canadian wapiti, rapidly increasing in number, a herd of Indian nyghaus, and a herd of the little Indian hog-deer. The Indian axis succeeded perfectly some years ago in Somersetshire; and the Earl of Ducie found no difficulty in breeding the magnificent Persian deer (*Cervus wallichii*) at Tortworth, which he subsequently presented to the Zoölogical Society. The herd of Barbary deer at Hawkestone are al-

ready thirteen in number, bred from animals which Viscount Hill purchased at the dispersion of the Knowsley collection in 1851; and in an adjacent part of the park the Ceylonese samburs will, in a few years be equally numerous.

The Zoölogical Society have another species—which, with moderate success, will soon be available also—more brilliant than any yet named, and probably of first-rate quality as venison. This is the Indian barasingha (*Cervus duvaucellii*), of which a fine male was fortunately sent to them in 1857, by the Baboo Rajendra Mullick, a wealthy gentleman of Calcutta, who takes great interest in zoölogical pursuits, and is possessed of a large collection of Asiatic quadrupeds and birds. The barasingha carries a magnificent head when adult, and has a lustrous golden summer coat, which in the rich green of an English park would produce the most picturesquely beautiful effect that can be imagined. Asia yields other noble species which are equally well calculated for a European existence. There is the great shou of Thibet, so near the wapiti in size that at one time it was supposed that the great American species actually existed in both hemispheres. There is the hunghul of Cashmir, of which Colonel Markham, and more recent sportsmen, have brought home splendid trophies. There is the whole group of Rusa deer, which, although natives of more southern regions, adapt themselves with singular facility to the vicissitudes of our climate. And if we turn to America we have at once half a dozen species of another most graceful form, of which the obvious distinctive character is the absence of brow-antlers and the forward direction of all the other points. With such animals as these, acclimation is comparatively easy, but there are many others to which the same operation may be extended with perfect success; and the Société Impériale d'Acclimatation in Paris is on the point of establishing a great vivarium in the beautiful Bois de Boulogne, as a centre from which the experiment may be made in France.

This interesting question has very recently been brought to a practical test which deserves to be recorded. And the successful essay having been made, not with a North American or North Asiatic species, but with an antelope of the South African wilderness, the difficulties were necessarily much greater than those which would have to be provided against

in the hardier deer to which we have alluded. On the 7th of January, the first eland (*Oreocanna*) killed for the table, and bred in England, fell at Hawkestone Park, in the county of Salop. He was a noble beast. He weighed one thousand one hundred and seventy-six pounds as he dropped, huge as a short-horn, but with bone not half the size. Active as a deer, stately in all his paces, perfect in form, bright in color, with a vast dewlap, and strong, sculptured horns, the eland in his lifetime strode majestic on the hill-side, where he dwelt with his mates and their progeny, all English-born like himself. And of these three pairs remain, roaming at large along the picturesque slopes throughout the day, and returning to their home at pleasure. Here, during winter, they are assisted with roots and hay, but in summer they have nothing but the pasture of the park; so that in point of expense, they cost no more than cattle of the best description. All travellers and sportsmen agree that in the quality of his flesh the eland is unapproached by any ruminant in South Africa—that the males grow to enormous size, and lay on fat with as great facility as a true short-horn, while in texture and flavor they are infinitely superior. The experiment which has been tried at Hawkestone proves that in this climate, under circumstances not particularly favorable, the eland maintains much of the renown which is accorded to him as a *pièce de resistance* in the wilderness. The texture of the lean is remarkably fine, the fat firm, delicate, and characteristic. In all the joints great juiciness was developed, and, no doubt, as a foundation for sauces and for game soups, eland will hereafter rank among the choicest elements, in addition to its undeniable superiority as a meat.

The antecedents of the herd of elands at Hawkestone are interesting. The idea of acclimating the eland in England is due to the late Earl of Derby, who, between the year 1835 and the period of his death in 1851, accumulated an immense collection of living animals at Knowsley. Some notion of the extent of his labors in this way may be inferred from the fact that nearly one hundred acres were devoted to this purpose, while the whole area occupied by the Zoological Gardens in the Regent's Park only includes twenty-six acres and a half. In *Gleanings from the Menagerie at Knowsley Hall*, a privately printed work, Lord Derby has recorded that in November 1842 he received two male elands and a female, which were then for the first time brought alive to Europe. This female produced several calves, beginning to breed in 1844, but of all her stock only one was of her own sex, and she herself, with the males, having died off in

consequence of being fed on land newly laid down in grass, it at last happened that this female (calved in 1846) was the only survivor. In 1851 a fresh supply of elands were obtained from the Cape of Good Hope, but in the summer of that year Lord Derby died; and, having been President of the Zoological Society for upwards of twenty years, it appears that he bequeathed to them his reconstituted herd, consisting of two males and three females, as a last proof of his regard for the institution, which had then been restored to the prosperous and effective state in which we know it. In the Zoological Gardens the elands have occupied a conspicuous place, and form a characteristic feature in the African quarter, where they are associated with the giraffes, hippopotamus, leucoryx, and ostriches. Here the elands have been treated with extraordinary success; and, from the year 1853 to the present time, the females have regularly and without intermission reproduced, without any accident, or the loss of a single calf.

The first English proprietor who was prevailed on to relieve the Society of their surplus stock was Viscount Hill; and, in the spring of 1855, a male and two females bred by the Society became his property, and were transferred to Hawkestone. The result of their establishment there has been a perfect success, as four calves have been born; and the six-year-old male has, in consequence of this increase, been now made available for gastronomic purposes. In every shape in which it has been tried—braized brisket, roasted ribs, broiled steaks, fillet sauté, boiled aitch-bone, etc.—the fine texture and juiciness of the flesh have given ample proof that a new meat of surpassing value has been added to the products of the English park. And although Viscount Hill has been the first to prove this fact, the experiment is not confined to Hawkestone alone—the Marquis of Breadalbane having established three animals of the same species at Taymouth, which will begin to reproduce in the approaching spring, and the last pair bred by the Society having been placed by Mr. Tatton Egerton, M.P., in his noble park at Tattan, in Cheshire. Since the five elands bequeathed by the Earl of Derby passed into the possession of the Zoological Society, twenty-one calves have been born from them and their produce; and at least five more may be calculated on during the current year. It is much to be regretted that six of the earliest of the eland-calves were allowed to leave this country; but now that the acclimation of this noble antelope is a demonstrated fact, and its merits known, there is no doubt that effective measures will be taken to secure the most rapid extension of the existing number.



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*Charlotte Elizabeth*

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